THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCVII.—No. 1263]
FEBRUARY 29, 1928
[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

EVERYTHING ABOUT EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE

# The BYSTANDER

## 3 Selected Ports

Per dozen carriage paid

**Findlater's "Mitre."** A fine tawny wine, delicate and clean to the palate .. 58/-

**Findlater's "Treble Diamond Port."** This is a lovely soft wine of perfect ruby colour well matured in wood. It is very popular at many well-known clubs 82/-

**Findlater's "Manorial."** A fine delicate tawny wine of very high class. Delightful flavour. Will appeal to all lovers of a light wine .. 94/-

## 3 Selected Sherries

**Findlater's "Dry Club."** An exceedingly pleasant wine, on the dry side, which will be appreciated by the connoisseur either as an apéritif or at dinner 64/-

**Findlater's "Xmas Carol."** The most popular Sherry in our list: being of a generous fruity character and very old in wood .. .. .. .. .. 82/-

**Findlater's "Golden Treasure."** A rare type of rich, golden Oloroso Sherry which has been matured in wood for forty years .. .. .. .. 108/-

SAMPLE CASE. A case containing one bottle of each of the above ports and sherries, 40/-. Carriage free in U.K.

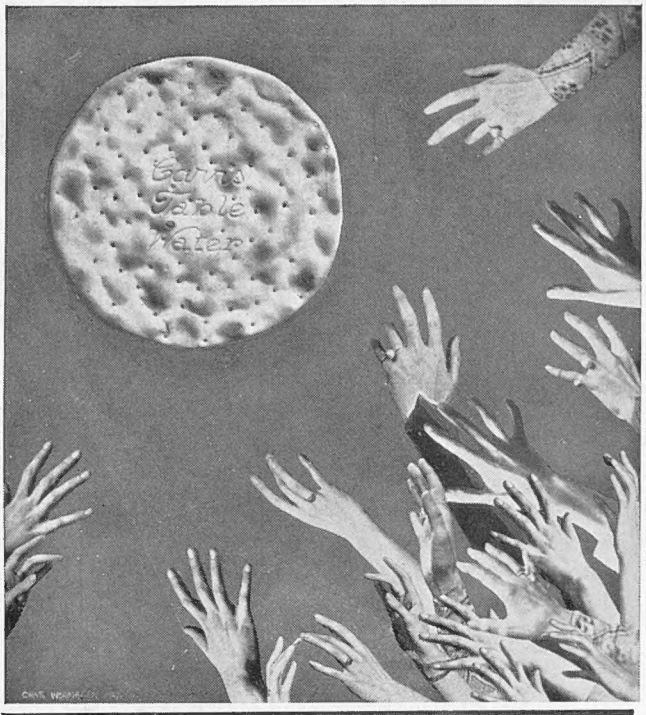
EXPORT. Agents in principal cities of the world. Where there are no agents, Findlater's will ship direct. Export prices on application.

Write for Findlater's Wine Brochure, the most comprehensive wine list issued.

# FINDLATER'S PORT

*"The Sign of a very excellent Port."*

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd., Findlater House, Wigmore Street, London, W.1




*It is rude —*
to stretch but one can be forgiven if it is to reach CARR'S
**TABLE WATER BISCUITS**
They are so good, so crisp, so thin and are made only by
**CARR'S *of* CARLISLE**

## From the Crown of His Head

Well-brushed hair kept in its proper place with ANZORA gives an air of neatness and distinction. That is why the use of ANZORA is a daily habit of smarter men. It keeps the hair neat and in position all day.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows; and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

**ANZORA**
*Masters the Hair!*

*Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6.*

*For the "Special Occasions" which occur every day*

# PLAYER'S No 3

## *Virginia Cigarettes*

10 for 8p — 20 for 1/4
50 for 3/3 — 100 for 6/6
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS
*(Cork of pure natural growth)*

Extra Quality Virginia

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.

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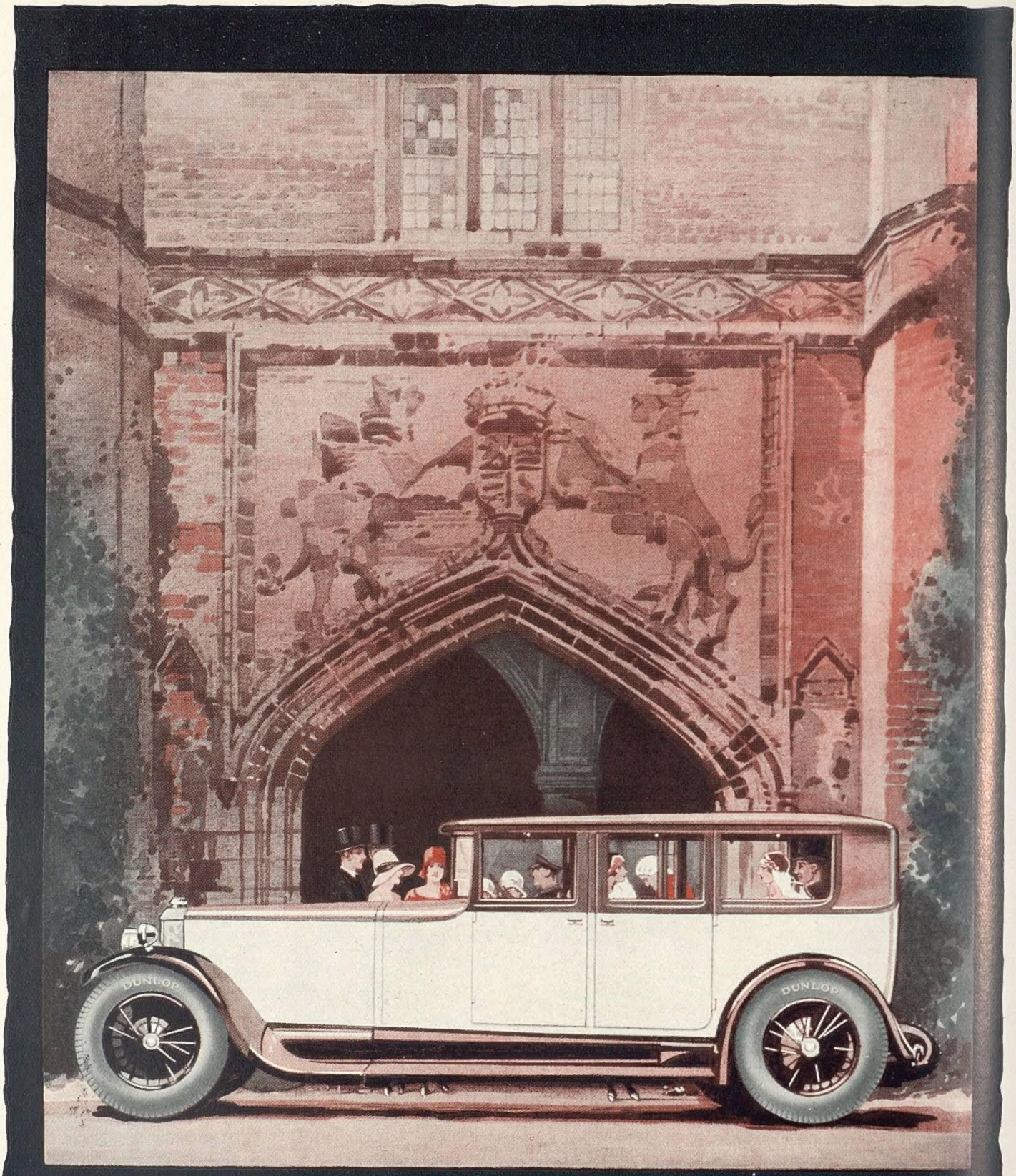
# The BYSTANDER

BY HARRY DIXON

A WINTER SPORT—"BOB SLAYING"




# Tyres by Dunlop

C.F.H.64

# WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A LIGHTER INTERLUDE *I.B.*

**The Prince of Wales amused by the ancient Shrovetide football match at Ashbourne, Derbyshire. He started off the game, which is played over an area extending three miles by an unlimited number of players, by throwing the ball to the opposing teams**

AT THE WHITE CITY *Keystone*

**The King and Queen with Princess Mary photographed during their visit to the White City last week to inspect the exhibits at the British Industries Fair. Later in the week Their Majesties made a journey to Birmingham to visit the section of the Fair there**

### *Lent*

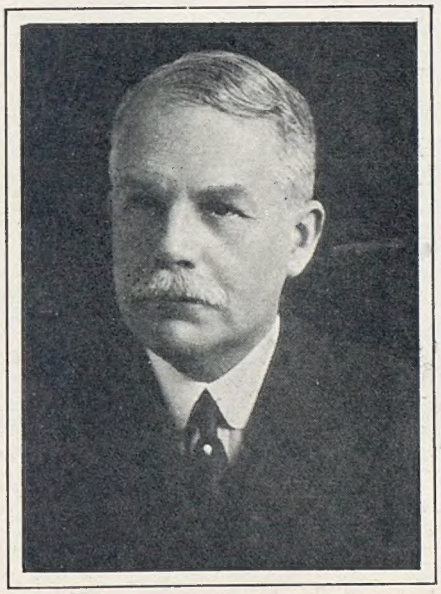
LENT makes comparatively little difference to the round of social activities in London. But here and there you will still find older-fashioned kind of people who neither give dances nor big dinners—nor go to them—between now and Easter. And there are a certain number of people, too, who have what one may call an inherited prejudice against much going out or receiving in the six weeks of Lent. These, you will find, generally choose this time to go abroad, not to the haunts of fashion, but to some of the quieter spots.

The days when people spent Lent virtually behind drawn blinds, happily, have departed.

### *The Prince at Chatsworth*

THE Prince of Wales spent one night only last week at Chatsworth when he went to Derbyshire to open the annual football match in the village streets of Ashbourne—a match in which the goalposts are three miles apart—and attend some functions in Derby itself. His grandfather, King Edward, was a constant visitor to Chatsworth as Prince of Wales in the time of the late Duke of Devonshire and the "double Duchess," Louise of Devonshire and Manchester.

The Royal visits were always the reason for splendid entertaining, the great house with its gilded window frames being filled with guests. As a rule, part of the programme was one or two nights of amateur theatricals, the big coach house being converted into a theatre—stage, scenery, etc., all complete—for the occasion.



*Lafayette*

THE NEW AMBASSADOR

**Sir William Tyrrell, who has been appointed to succeed the Marquess of Crewe as British Ambassador in Paris. Sir William is Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office**

### *Bachelors Royal*

THE Italian Royal Family abounds in bachelors. Out of eleven princes, including the son and the first and second cousins of King Victor Emmanuel, only three are married. The engagement of the Duke of Pistoia, the second son of the Duke of Genoa, to Princess Lydia of Arenberg, will soon make a fourth.

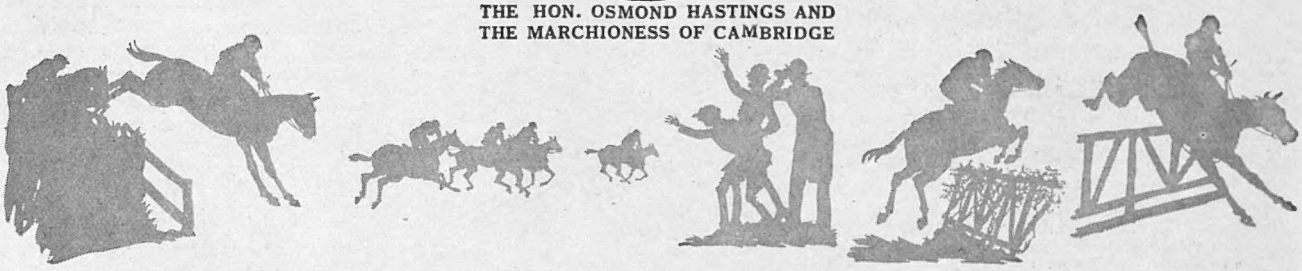
So long as King Victor Emmanuel's heir, the Prince of Piedmont, remains unmarried, the King's cousin, the Duke d'Aosta, is next in succession to the throne. He married an Orléans princess, and last autumn his elder son, the Duke of

AT WINDSOR RACES
Some of those who were present at the recent Windsor Races. These took place in particularly pleasant weather

*Alfieri*
LADY BAIRD, MRS. DIXON, AND MRS. PATCH

*Topical*
THE HON. OSMOND HASTINGS AND THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE

*Alfieri*
COL. AND MRS. NEIL STEWART-RICHARDSON



Apulia, married the Duchess d'Aosta's niece, the daughter of the Duke de Guise, Pretender to the Throne of France. You will remember all the high pomp and ceremony of the marriage at Naples.

The Duke and Duchess d'Aosta live in the huge palace of Capodimonte, which was given to them by the people of Naples as a tribute to the Duke's splendid service to Italy in the War.

The Duke d'Aosta's second son, the Duke of Spoleto, is still unmarried, and his brothers, the Count of Turin and the Duke of the Abruzzi, are confirmed bachelors of fifty-eight and fifty-five.

The Duke of Genoa, the father of the prospective bridegroom, the Duke of Pistoia, has an unusual relationship to King Victor Emmanuel. His aunt, the beautiful Queen Margherita, married her cousin King Humbert of Italy. Therefore the Duke of Genoa stands in the unusual relationship of being a double second cousin to King Victor Emmanuel, since both their paternal grandfathers were brothers.

Besides the Duke of Pistoia, the Duke of Genoa has three bachelor sons—the Prince of Udine, who is forty-four; the Duke of Bergamo, who is thirty; and the Duke of Ancona, who is twenty-two.

*Alfieri*
THE HON. LADY COOPER AND MISS COOPER

### *An Ancient Lineage*

THE beginnings of the family of Princess Lydia of Arenberg date back to 1000 A.D., or thereabouts. Once upon a time the Arenbergs were petty sovereigns in their own territory in Germany. But when that sovereignty disappeared they still retained the right to make what used to be called "equal marriages" with royalty. Every son and daughter of the house of Arenberg is born a prince and duke, a princess and duchess of Arenberg, with the title of Serene Highness. That dates back to the middle of the seventeenth century.

### *"The Place at Table"*

THE Earl of Erroll, who was better known as Lord Kilmarnock, has only lived a year after succeeding his father, the twentieth Earl. He did brilliant work as *Chargé d'Affaires* in Berlin at a particularly difficult time in the year after the Armistice. Since then he had been British High Commissioner of the Rhineland Commission, a position which called for the constant exercise of his never-failing tact. The new Earl, who is twenty-seven, was married five years ago to the elder of Earl de la Warr's two sisters. Ever since their marriage they have lived at Nairobi.

There is a curious story about the tenth Earl of Erroll

in the middle of the seventeenth century. His wife, a daughter of the Earl of Southesk, and therefore a female forbear of Lord Carnegie, brought an action for annulment of their marriage. She lost the case, but refused to live with her husband. However, every day her silver spoon and her plate were laid for her at dinner, and a servant called three times, "Lady Erroll, come and dine!"

I have heard this story told as a proof of that Lord Erroll's devotion to his wife and of his patiently hoping that she would return. But the reason for laying the plate and spoon was neither romantic nor touching. By Scottish law, so long as Lady Erroll's place was laid at table, so long as she was bidden to come to dinner, she could claim no maintenance from her lord, since here was the proof she could return whenever she chose.

*Alfieri*

LADY KILLEEN AND MRS. DE HOUGHTON

A 'CHASING DAY

The camera's bag at the recent Hurst Park Steeplechases. This popular meeting attracted as large an attendance as ever

*Topical*

MISS LEROY AND MRS. DEACON

*Topical*

SIR MATHEW WILSON AND LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON

*Alfieri*

VISCOUNTESS DE LA CHAPPELLE AND CAPT. RAYSON

### *The Modern Way of Doing It*

THE same law applies to-day, and I know one case in which a wife left her husband and refused to live with him. He got over any responsibility for her maintenance by writing to her once every year asking her to return. This went on for years—in fact, until the husband died.

### *A Lenten Sacrifice*

THE governess to two small sisters had set forth the desirability of some particular pleasure being given up during Lent—in fact, the greater the pleasure the more effective the sacrifice.

The next day she asked the elder of the two if she had decided to give up any great pleasure.

"Oh, yes!" was the prompt reply.

"What is it?" asked the governess.

"Pulling Gertie's hair!" Gertie was her younger sister.

### *British Art in South America*

THE Treasury, at the express wish of the Foreign Office, has given leave for seven pictures and one piece of sculpture to be lent from the Imperial War Museum to the British Artists' Exhibition which will be opened in June at Buenos Aires. The pictures are: Sir William Orpen's "The Signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles," and his portrait of Marshal Foch; "Lieut.-Colonel T. E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia)," by James McBey; "Dover Harbour, 1918," by P. Wilson Steer; "Lens, 1918," by Sir H. Hughes Stanton; "The Battlefield of Ypres," by Sir D. Y. Cameron; and "An Underground Casualty Clearing Station," by Henry Tonks. The piece of sculpture is Epstein's bust of Lord Fisher.

The Treasury has stipulated that a special representative should be in charge from the moment the pictures and bust leave the Museum until they return, and during the exhibition they will be specially guarded night and day. The works have been insured for £16,000.

### *By Train to Cairo*

FOR the last two years an all-railroad route to Cairo from London—with the exception of the Channel crossing—has been held up because of differences between French and Turkish people who have interests in Syria.

AFTER THE CEREMONY *Vandyk*

**The bridal group taken after the wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton, of Mr. John Christie Stewart, surviving son of Sir Robert King Stewart, K.B.E., of Murdostoun Castle, Lanarkshire, and Lady Stewart, O.B.E., and Miss Agnes Violet Averil Douglas. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Brigadier-General Douglas, C.B., of Main's, and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas**

At the present moment you can go by the Orient express to Constantinople and on from Constantinople by the Hedjaz railway to Tripoli in the Lebanon. Only one hundred and seventy kilometres lie between Tripoli and Haifa, and from Haifa there is a railway to Cairo.

All the fuss has been over this one hundred and seventy kilometres. The French High Commissioner in Syria is going to fill this gap, and when it is completed we shall be able to go straight through from London to Cairo by train. In the meantime, if you prefer the land journey to the sea voyage, passengers will be taken from Tripoli to Haifa by motor until the new line is finished. The journey will take five days, and the International Sleeping Car Company are planning a sleeping car service.

By the way, I am informed officially that no visitors to Egypt have to undergo inoculation for para-typhoid or typhoid. It is true that a great many visitors to Egypt and the Near East take this precaution, but it is in no way obligatory.

### *Natural and Unnatural Snobs*

WE always regard snobs as people who, being of no particular birth themselves, run after and seek the acquaintance of the highly-born or highly-placed in order to shine in a reflected glory. We all know people who "collect peers and peeresses," and who would submit to any *corvée*, humiliation, or insult in order to be able to say they have had tea with a Duchess.

These curiously-minded folk—and what a lot of them there are!—are entirely a product of the English and the American social systems. You find them in no other countries in the world, except here and in the States. So one can call them natural snobs.

But haven't you noticed how often people, whose names explain who they are and their exact position in the social maze, are abounding snobs? Pride of family is admirable up to a certain point, but when it becomes a disease it is the acutest kind of snobbery you can encounter. And so many younger sons and daughters of the coroneted and truly noble seem to be suffering from the disease. These I call unnatural snobs.

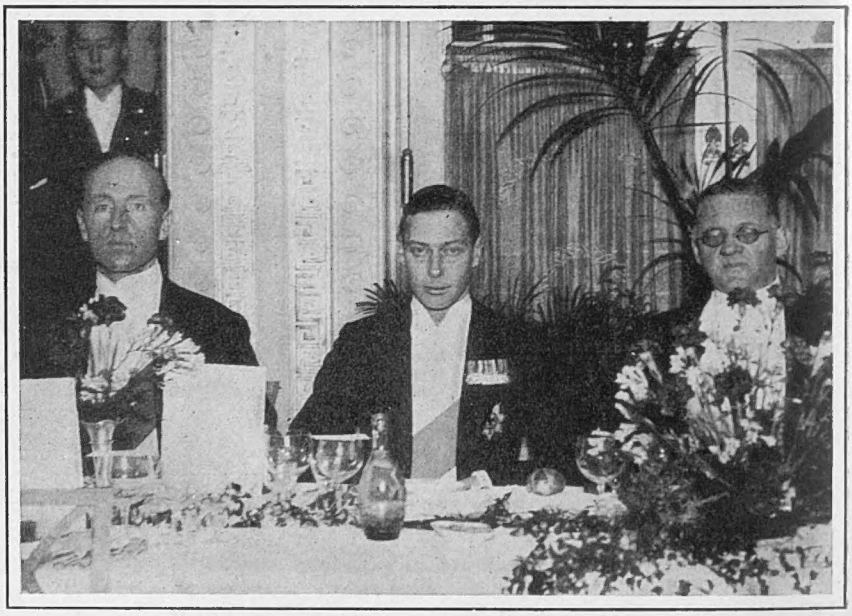
### *Crushing*

A LITTLE time ago one such younger son was staying in a country house. His constant references to his relations in *Debrett* were more than boresome. From this house he went to another in a neighbouring county, from which he wrote his "board and lodging" letter, or, if you prefer to call it so, his "Collins" to his late hostess. After the usual thanks he said, "At dinner to-night I sat opposite the portrait by Reynolds of my great-grandmother,

*Central News*

LEAVING THE CHURCH

**Mr. Christopher Reginald Turnor and his bride, formerly Miss Yolande Pepys, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their wedding. Mrs. Turnor is the second daughter of the Hon. Everard and Mrs. Pepys**



WITH THE SALES MANAGERS *Topical*

**The Duke of York at the Annual Banquet, at the May Fair Hotel, of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association of the United Kingdom. With the Duke are seen the Marquess of Londonderry and Mr. F. W. Goodenough, C.B.E., Chairman of the Association, who presided in the absence in India of Lord Burnham, the President**

the Duchess of ——. I cannot tell you how thrilled and delighted I was. I have asked dear Lady —— to let me sit in the same place at meals all through my visit. I told her that she and Lord —— were indeed worthy of such a treasure."

His late hostess, who had been bored to tatters during his visit by "My cousin, Lord this," "My cousin, Lady that," took up her pen and wrote:

"Dear Mr. ——, I was most interested to hear about your being thrilled by the portrait of your great-grandmother, the Duchess of ——. But when you were here I stupidly forgot to show you my great treasure. This is the washing-board on which my grandmother laid the foundation of our family fortunes. It is a family heirloom, and I always keep it tied up in pink ribbons. I hope I am worthy of such a treasure."

AN ARMY MATCH *News Illus.*

**The Duke of York shaking hands with members of the Belgian Army Football Team before the recent match between the British and Belgian Armies at Woolwich, when the British Army won by 6-2. This was the opening match of the annual triangular tournament between the French, Belgian and British Armies**

*Topical*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ERROLL

**Formerly Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, who have succeeded to the title owing to the death in Germany of the late Earl, who succeeded to the Earldom only last year. Lord Kilmarnock, who will be better remembered as the Hon. Josslyn Hay, has made his home in Kenya Colony**

### *For Hospitals*

WILL you remember that on Thursday, March 8, there will be a matinée of *London Pride* at Drury Lane at 2.15, at which the King and Queen will be present, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital. Sir Gerald du Maurier, Miss Tallulah Bankhead, Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, and many other stars are in the cast.

Then, on April 23, which is St. George's Day, red roses will be sold throughout London for the help of St. George's Hospital. Practically all the mayors in the London area and those so far out as Richmond, Twickenham, and Maidenhead, have given permission for the roses to be sold in their boroughs.

### *On Stony Ground*

TUCKED away in one of those odd little corners you find in the most fashionable districts in London, is a dairy. Its proprietress is a buxom spinster of the thirties-approaching-the-forties, who has inherited the right from her grandfather to the old-world notice that she is "Purveyor of Milk, Butter, Eggs and Dairy Produce to the Nobility and Landed Gentry."

A friend of mine is a customer of the buxom spinster. Not long ago, when my friend was paying her monthly bill, the dairy-keeping spinster burst forth into a plaint of the rogueries and cheatings a "lone, single woman" had to endure.

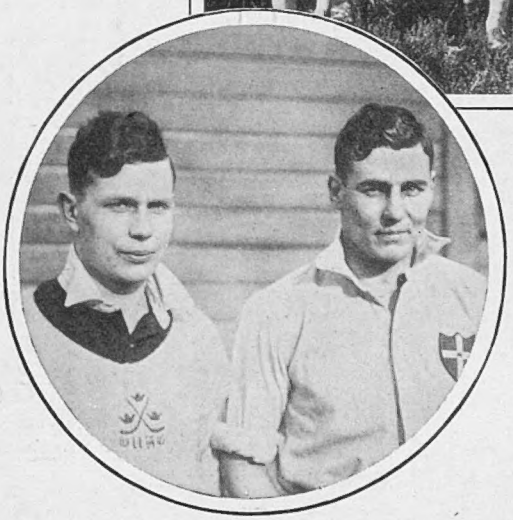
My friend told her she ought to get married, adding "There's the young man who brings the milk round. A fine, upstanding young fellow, and he appears as honest and kind as can be."

"You mean John," said the spinster. "Oh, my lady, often 'ave I given 'im an 'int! But it ain't no go!"

*Photo Illus.*

AT SUNNINGDALE

**Some of the players in the Golf match between Oxford University and Sunningdale, which was won by the latter by 13 matches to 3 on the day's play. The photograph shows R. D. Mathieson and G. P. Jackson, of Oxford, with T. A. Bourne and R. W. Speed, of Sunningdale**



A HOUSE DIVIDED *Keystone*

**A. H. Carpenter (Oxford) and F. W. Carpenter (Cambridge), who were the opposing centre-forwards in Inter-Varsity Hockey match at Beckenham. This is the first time on record that brothers have opposed each other in this way in such a match**

# RUGGER REFLECTIONS

## A QUERY OR TWO

By PENDARVES

A LITTLE while ago Eton played its first match against Rugby. The result was such that all Etonians will want to forget about it as quickly as possible. In spite of the horrid weather conditions prevailing on that day, the Rugby School side put up a highly creditable exhibition of scientific football—as any Rugby School side may be expected to, since the game of Rugger and how to play it becomes an integral part of a Rugby boy's composition long before he aspires to being even a "counted below." In the birthplace and hundred-and-five-year-old home of Rugger you would be dismayed to find anything else. Eton, on that ambitious and disastrous day, were not only never in the picture at all, but if it had been a dry game Rugby might easily have scored a hundred points. Don't let us labour the points they did actually score!

This is all very bad luck upon Eton, who, having elected to learn the game which belongs primarily to the Rugby Close, should receive such a terrible set-back to their aspirations so early in their Rugger history. It is hardly necessary to explain that the Eton side, ill-equipped as it was in the knowledge of the game that the Close seems so quickly to breed in a boy, was as plucky in its annihilation as any fifteen boys could be. Their tackling, whenever they reached their man, was up to the highest Etonian traditions—and you can't say more than *that*. But many of them gave the impression that they were playing their first game; they seemed a much smaller, less virile side. They were up against what is probably the best school team in England at the moment. Their lack of adequate coaching was manifest. As there are somewhere about double the number of fellows at Eton to draw upon for a side than there are at Rugby, does it not follow that there is something radically wrong with the method of Eton's entry into the arena of Public School Rugger? Would it not be wiser for Eton to buy its school match experiences against rather less doughty opponents than Rugby and Wellington? One imagines that this game cannot be taken very seriously at Eton. If so, it is a grave mistake to play school matches at all—especially against such schools as those named, where Rugger is the beginning and the middle and the end of every fellow's days during the winter months.

There is probably a body of men at Eton who are deathly keen on Rugger and are trying very hard and meritoriously to make it Eton's speciality, but are up against the brick-wall game of public opinion. To these worthies I would recommend a wangle of leave next Christmas half and a journey to the Rugby Close to watch Cock Houses fight it out; to see the preliminary "Quadding" ceremony; to hear the voices of the respective houses on the touch-lines; to be present at the subsequent plate smashing at tea time. They would surely go back and light such a fire of enthusiasm in their own Houses as would never be put out. But doubtless illicit leave, with the benign connivance of the Headmaster, is a thing unknown at Eton!

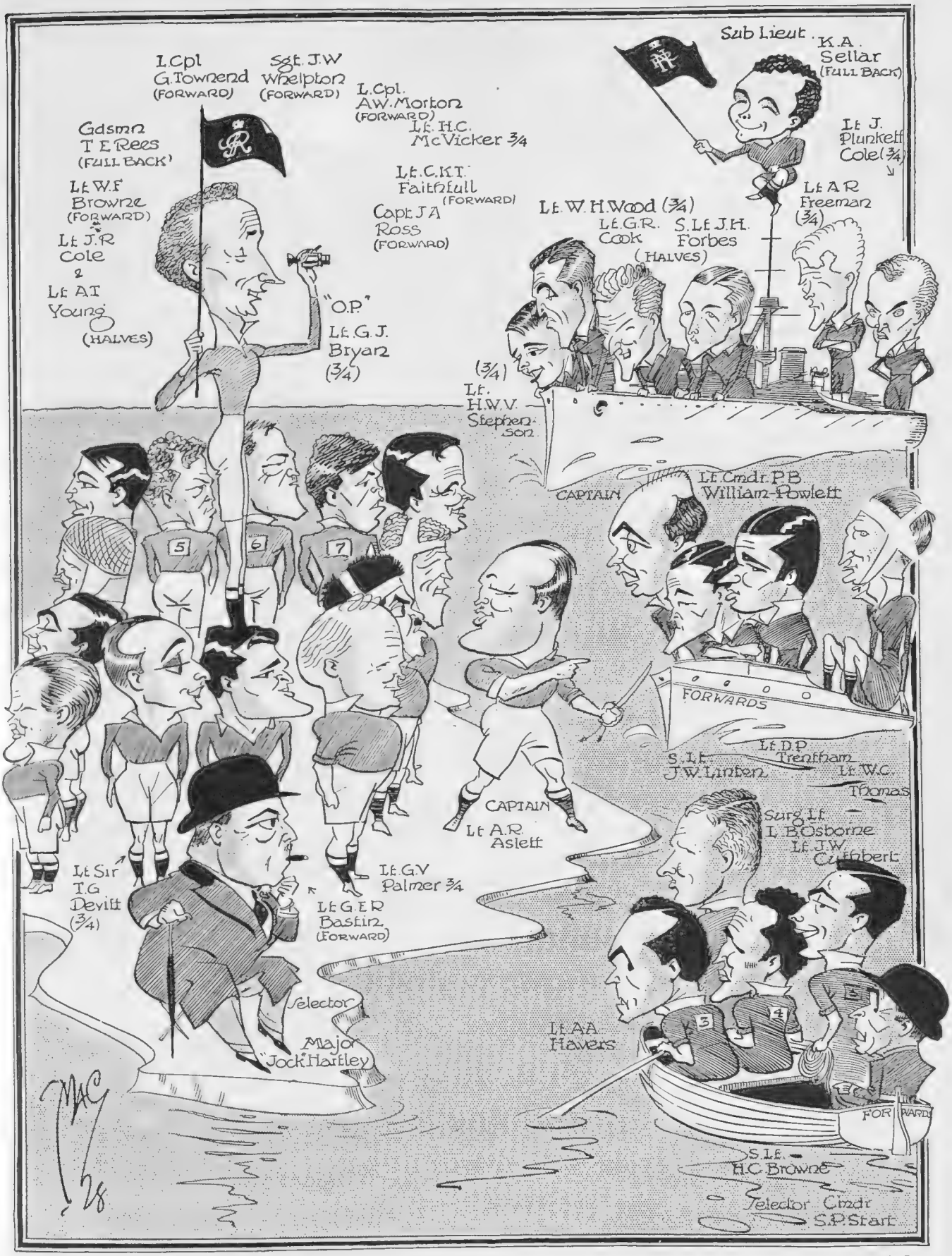
Forward play has become once again the axis upon which heated discussion is taking place in prefects' common rooms and American bars and college quads and places where men rag. After a certain big game recently in—er—a certain place, I listened (agog, of course) to no fewer than seven ex and present "Caps" discussing the merits and defects of the sixteen forwards concerned in that afternoon's *mêlée*. Four of these bloods—three of whom were playing, though only one in the pack—said the Y scrum "weren't shoving at all"; the other three, keenly critical spectators, affirmed that Y scrum were shoving all right, but that X pack was "just fiddling with the other side and doing sweet Fanny Adams the whole damtime." So where was truth? You can search *me*, although I was there!

And here are columns periodically appearing in the papers couched in terms of strong rebuke against *all* the forwards who play in *all* the national sides, to the effect that they aren't shoving, don't shove, and can't shove. But how does anyone know if eight forwards are pushing for all they are worth unless he is one of those eight *and can feel it?* Here is another authority saying that, considering the weight and size of the English pack in Ireland, they ought to have been able, by good and combined shoving, to have pushed the Irish pack into the dressing-rooms. What nonsense! Is it permissible to assume for a moment that when a forward is playing for his country (and for his conscience at all other times) he does other than shove to the very last ounce of his strength from kick-off till the whistle goes for no-side?

A FRANCO-IRISH OCCASION *P. and A.*

**A tricky bit of play in the recent Association Football match between France and Ireland. This took place at the Stad Buffalo, near Paris, and resulted in a win for France by 4 goals to nil**

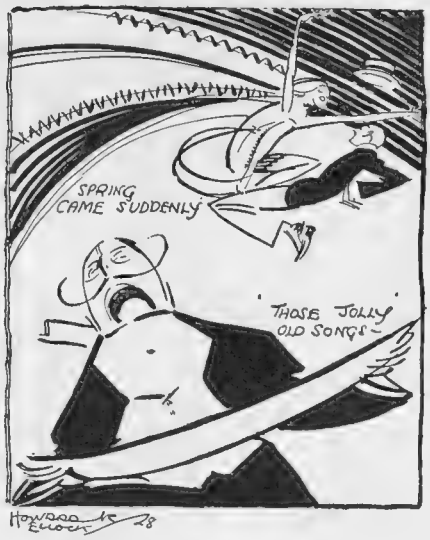
# The Battle of Twickenham, A.D. 1928




BY MAC

Our artist's somewhat allegorical impression of the Service gentlemen who will meet one another next Saturday at Twickenham in the Army and Navy Rugger Match. We hope for the sake of the players that the ground will not be quite so wet as is portrayed here, but whether the weather be good or bad the game is certain to be "good and hard"

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS



### Sudden Sunshine

"SPRING came suddenly," says an observer of modern phenomena; and so, I suppose, we may try to persuade ourselves that Winter will not last until July, as is usually the case. Certainly the observer aforesaid has had every reason for his optimism—whatever the weather may be at the moment!

### Singing in the Spring

THOSE jolly old songs that we used to sing before it became bad form to gather round the family piano had much to do with the Spring. There was the young lady who persisted in the vocal belief that Spring was Com-om-om-om-oming, to say nothing of the hearty fellow who bellowed of kennels and Meynells and the fact that a fine hunting day was as balmy as May.

### Human Seasons

WE used to pay some attention to the Spring in those days. Even though we could not compete with the Victorians, who wrote and rhymed of nothing else, we kept the flag flying to a quite considerable extent—with the result that Spring did occasionally respond to the extent of one watery smile in March and another towards the tail-end of April. After all, the seasons may be human to the extent of liking a little attention now and then.

### Great Days

A MAN from Cornwall dropped in to thank me for my last week's notes on the English Riviera. "We're having great days at St. Ives," said he. "Great days!" And with that I fell to musing on the fields of yellow daffodils, of sunshine in Carbis Bay, of pilchard fishing, and of the seagulls that scream and scrounge for free food about the little harbour. I thought of the old Cornish legends and the older saints and crosses that gave them birth, and I was far away in the Duchy's misty past when he spoke again. "Great days!" said he in ringing tones. "We're having an election, you know!"

### Two Great Teams

WHO told you that London had an eye on the Cup? Who said, "Watch Arsenal and the 'Spurs"? Who prepared you for Metropolitan triumphs at Highbury and Leicester? Who, who—no one but me! My sympathies go out, as always, to gallant clubs going down with their colours still nailed to the mast, but it would be churlish to allow such sympathies to moderate our transports over the passing of two great teams into the Big Eight—and, subsequently, the Bigger Four. Mark those words!

### The Million Mark

THE enormous crowds attracted to these F.A. Cup matches—resulting in many casualties—draw attention to the increasing size of everything in this modern world. Who spoke in terms of millions before the War? Yet to-day a prospectus or a newspaper circulation that did not run into seven figures would be considered quite inadequate. The million mark, from being a fantastic figure, has now become an essential minimum in life—just as it was in Vienna when I paid a million kronen for a taxi ride.

### A Modern Rupert

CAPTAIN REGINALD BERKELEY, who scored a success with his first play and got into Parliament at his first shot, seems to be developing into a free-lance publicist ready to break a lance at the slightest provocation. He has quite a bunch of grievances, and in his handling

# Olympians at St. Moritz

## COMPETITORS IN THE WINTER GAMES

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE STATES *Topical*

**The American team congratulating Thunberg, of Finland, on his win in the Speed Skating contest. His time over the distance of 1,500 metres was 2min. 21 1-10sec**

*P. and A.*

CUTTING A PRETTY FIGURE

**Miss Sonie Hennie, who won the Ladies' Figure Skating for Norway. Austria and the United States took second and third places in this event**

HOME! *Topical*

**A striking photograph of the finish of the 18 Kilometres Ski Race. It shows the winner, Gröttamsbraaten, of Norway, whose time was 1hr. 37m. 1s.**

THE MARATHON WINNERS *Topical*

**The three Swedish representatives who were first home in the 50 Kilometres Ski Marathon. The photograph shows Andersson (left), who was third, Hedlund, the first home, and Jonson, who was the runner-up**

A GRACEFUL MOVEMENT *P. and A.*

**Miss Eustace Smith, of Toronto, executing a turn on the ice. She was one of the entrants for the Ladies' Figure Skating Championship, which was won by Norway. In the final results of the Olympic Games Norway was well ahead of her rivals, with victory in seven events out of fourteen**

MISS "1928" DRAWS A "BEAU" AT A VENTURE! By David Wilson

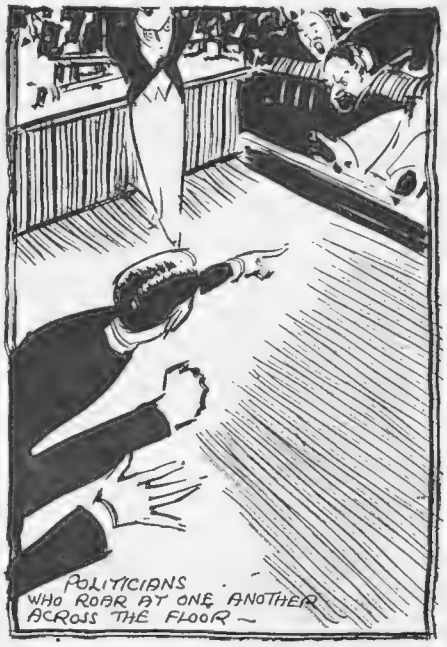
of these little crusades he proves himself the Rupert of the written field. His latest rumpus in the wireless world will be sure to get him plenty of support, and if he would only turn his attention to the ineffable Dora——

### The Essence of Controversy

In the forefront of his latest crusade Captain Berkeley places the slogan, "Unshackle Our Wireless," yet in the same organ of popular opinion Mr. E. V. Knox thinks there is a strong reason for not allowing controversy by radio. Let me be just, however, and remind you that Mr. Knox is possibly our leading humorist. He has his tongue in his cheek, as is proved by his remark that the essence of controversy is the right to throw something with the possibility of a direct hit. And what could one throw at the B.B.C.?

### How's That?

You may feel that politicians who roar at one another across the floor of the House of Commons and dine in friendly fashion in private are humbugs of the deepest dye, yet Robert Blatchford put the case well when, referring to the late Lord Oxford, he said, "In England we take our politics almost as seriously as we take our games, and we take both in the same spirit. If a man plays a straight bat he is universally respected, whether he plays on the Liberal or Tory side." How's that?




### The Big Five

It is not often that one gets a letter signed by five such eminent folk as Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, W. B. Maxwell, H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw, but this has just happened to me. I am invited by this Big Five of Literature to subscribe to the fighting fund of the National Book Council, which has for its aim the promoting of book reading and increasing the circulation of books. The object is excellent, but I fancy the writing of better books and the intelligent advertising of the same is the shortest cut to the wider circulation of good literature.

### Balance at the Bank

The banks propose to issue new cheque books in which we can keep track of our balance. It is a good idea, but there are one or two things to be said against it. What of the cheque we draw on a club form to pay our Bridge losses? What of the annual subscriptions deducted automatically on the first of January? Is there any guarantee that we shall remember to make allowance for these inroads on our exchequer?

### Macdonald Hastings

The passing of Basil Macdonald Hastings on Tuesday of last week closed a career of brilliant promise, clouded in its later stages by an illness so bravely borne that I shall always think of him as fit to rank with the heroes of our time. "Mac" Hastings was closely associated with The Bystander. During its early days he was a member of the editorial staff. Then came stage successes taking him into another field, but during his last days he was, once again, the laughing philosopher he had always been.

# "The Empire's Shop Window"

*BY HELEN McKIE*

Our artist's impression of the British Industries Fair, which is now attracting such great interest at the White City. Every type of new and improved manufacture and novelty is to be seen here, and an exhibit of special interest is the seaplane, Super-Marine S5, which Flight-Lt. Webster piloted to victory in the Schneider Cup. Their Majesties the King and Queen recently visited the Exhibition

# RIVIERA NOTES

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

THE Riviera season began slowly this winter, and as usual the pessimists shook their heads and looked depressed. Most of the resorts, however, are now quite crowded, and accommodation is far from easy to get. I have just seen the preliminary—and official—figures for the Municipal Casino at Cannes, which show that the takings of the *cagnotte* are already half a million francs higher than at this date a year ago, which is a good indication that there are plenty of people in Cannes, and plenty of money. No one who has tried to secure a table at short notice for one of the gala dinners at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs could have any doubt on the point, and hundreds who left it too late were disappointed at not being able to attend the big gala at which Poiret, Patou, Worth, Lanvin, and many other leading creators of the fashions showed their latest and most dazzling productions.

THE next big social event here will be the annual Franco-Russian charity gala, which this year will take the shape of a new spectacular play by M. Georges Loiseau, entitled, *La Nuit du Prince Pale*, with music selected by M. Reynaldo Hahn. Many people are asking who this Prince Pale may be, and there are inevitably local jokes about pink pills, but meanwhile tickets are being rapidly bought up for the night of March 1. There is a long and very impressive list of lady patronesses, and the mere man apparently has to be content to take a back seat and to pay for the seats, the supper which follows, and the tickets for a giant tombola, with a Renault car. The performance will commence—or at least is announced to commence—at 10.30, and nobody knows what time it will finish, but the presence of so many royalties and notable visitors will ensure a crowded house.

THE death of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith came as a great shock to the English colony in Cannes, for—as in the case of the late Earl Haig—he had made all arrangements to come to Cannes and stay with Sir Jesse and Lady Boot at the Villa Springland, where he and Lady Oxford and Asquith had spent so thoroughly enjoyable a holiday only a year ago. But for the illness which delayed his departure and eventually cancelled for ever the trip, he would have been a fellow guest of his old friend and close political associate, Sir Donald Maclean, who was at the Villa Springland with Lady Maclean when the sad news came through.

"THE SUN IS OVER THE YARD ARM" *Sewell*

**A cheery party on the beach at Menton, with the Roches Rouges and the Italian frontier in the background, photographed at the hour when bathing is interrupted in order to discuss cocktails and "The Bystander." The group includes Major N. Humphreys, Captain and Mrs. Leaver, Mrs. Tidy, Mr. Kirk, Mrs. G. H. Sewell, and Miss M. Sewell**

NICE is recovering slowly from its acute attack of Carnivalitis, and the decorations and illuminations were so good that it seemed a great pity to take them down. Life, however, is by no means dull without them, for Nice is extremely well provided with amusement resorts. There are restaurants and cabarets of all kinds and many nationalities, and one of the latest, according to the advertisements in the daily Press, ought to be amusing, for the announcements read: "Oriental Cabaret. You are invited and to see the dances oriental dances par the mauresque Algerienne Froom 3 afternoom and 2 night." This seems really most promising, even if a little vague.

*Sport and General*

A TRIO AT VALESCURE

**Miss J. Evans (left), Miss Helen Robertson, and Mr. Hugh Robertson look on the bright side of golf on the Valescure course. Miss Robertson and Mr. Robertson are the younger daughter and son of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson**

There is also a smart Russian restaurant, which was recently the scene of a successful gala night in aid of Russian charities, when the large crowd present included Princess Nicholas of Greece, Grande Duchesse Hélène de Russia.

MONTE CARLO is very lively just now, and among those frequently seen in the Sporting Club at nights are Prince and Princess Pierre of Montenegro, who are staying at the Metropole. Prince Pierre of Monaco has also returned from his visit to the United States, while newcomers are plentiful every morning on the sunny terraces and under the parasols of the Café de Paris, where all the world seems to meet sooner or later.

ST. RAPHAEL and Valescure are enjoying a prosperous season, and the golf links are crowded daily. Admiral Earl Jellicoe and Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson worthily represent the two Services, and are golfing most of the time; while other recent arrivals include Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, Major-General Edward Cooper, Sir Frederick and Lady Chance, Lady Wood, the Hon. Mrs. Elidor Campbell, and Lady Anne Lindsay. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Frankau have just returned to their charming villa overlooking the golf course at Beauvallon, and all their neighbours are, of course, reading his latest and very successful novel, "So Much Good," which is one of the most original and striking stories Mr. Frankau has yet given us. The Hyères Golf Club sent over a strong team to play against Valescure the other day, and the home team won after a very enjoyable day's sport, pleasantly broken by a luncheon given by Colonel Ronald Brooke to the competitors. There will be a return match at Hyères on March 10, to which everyone concerned is looking forward with great pleasure.

D. W. T.

# THE DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN BALL

*Hay Wrightson*
LADY HADDINGTON

*Madame Yevonde*
THE HON. DIANA SKEFFINGTON

*Hay Wrightson*
LADY LOUGHBOROUGH

*Hay Wrightson*
MISS MOLLY LE BAS

*Hay Wrightson*
MISS GWEN LE BAS

SOME of the active participants in the procession of the Past, Present and Future Dress Parade at the Dream of Fair Women Ball, which takes place at Claridge's to-day (Wednesday). The ball is being held in aid of the Winter Distress League

*Produced January 26, 1928*

## By "JINGLE"

*Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is one of those extravagant outbursts of popular humour which defy criticism and usually enjoy phenomenal runs and an infinity of revivals. *Charley's Aunt* is the classic of the kind that age cannot wither nor custom stale. It was at this theatre some years ago that Mr. Weedon Grossmith impersonated a middle-aged man of under-average development who was mistaken for a schoolboy and threatened with whackings, to the huge delight of massed audiences. And now we have Mr. Billy Merson representing a lisping, tottering babe. The idea is frankly nonsense, but it is extraordinarily well done, and is received with shrieks of laughter, mainly by the feminine section of the audience. Ladies are by nature tenderly disposed towards infancy; but it is for the psychologists to decide why an imitation of the frailties of babyhood should move them always to hysterical laughter.

BASIL, the hero of the play, finds himself wrongly suspected of having driven his car to the common danger, and of having actually knocked down an elderly woman. He comes back home and confides in a young friend, Dr. Neville, in order to find a way of escaping from the very personal attentions of the local police. The doctor's bright idea is that Basil must pretend to have succumbed to what is called mental regression. He must, in fact, imagine himself to be a muling infant once again. It is not clear how far this will prevent police court proceedings, but in plays of this sort the probabilities do not matter in the least. The great thing is to provoke the laughs, and it must be admitted that Mr. Merson gets these all right.

ANOTHER of Basil's troubles is that he has been married that very day to a nice girl named Clara. As, however, for reasons of the plot, the marriage cannot be announced, Clara is introduced to the household of Basil's aunt, not as his wife, but as the new parlourmaid. The riotous hilarity begins when Dr. Neville and Clara instruct Basil how to impersonate a baby of two years, or thereabouts. Mr. Merson keeps the house rocking with laughter as with an inane smile he toddles across the room as though taking the first uncertain steps of babyhood, and ends by sitting down abruptly on the floor in the sudden and unpremeditated style of a child learning to walk.

IN due course, as was to be anticipated, the household, not being altogether mad, suspects the alleged attack of mental regression to be a cunning pose for some ulterior motive. Basil is put to bed in the drawing-room, and his aunt attempts to feed him from a baby's bottle containing warm milk, which would not appear to be the potation he habitually favours, in spite of the ubiquitous appeal to us all to Drink More of the stuff. Young Dr. Neville is, however, happily in attendance on the case, and he manages to add to the dose a sturdy "double" of honest whisky, so that he is soon in a position to report that the patient is progressing most favourably. In fact, before bye-bye time arrives Basil's mental regression is so far cured that he has advanced in age a twelvemonth, and more.

THE question then arises as to who is to watch at "baby's" bedside through the long night. The person with the best title is obviously Clara, the newly-made wife, but as her identity as such has not been revealed, Basil's aunt dismisses the idea, which she regards as verging on the irregular. In her view Basil is not so infantile as he looks, and at his present rate of progress he might develop to maturity in the night, and the worst might happen. A trained nurse, very elderly and very Scotch, is sent for, and as the old lady is alleged to have a fondness for the decanter, the whisky is freely doped so that she shall be sent to sleep against her will, and thus be unable to keep her watch with proper vigilance.

It happens, however, that the nurse has been told that the case is a suspicious one that needs very careful observation, and she plays her cards accordingly. Under the eye of Basil she pours out a copious tot of spirits, and pretends to drink it off with the lingering gurgle of an expert. She finds a way, however, of pouring the drink into another vessel surreptitiously, so that she is very wide awake indeed when she lies down on an adjoining couch and affects to slumber deeply. Basil and Clara promptly carry her into the next room and turn the key on her, and are

"I'VE GOT THE PULL ON YOU" *Stage Photo Co.*

**Lord Babs (Billy Merson) gives an example of his youthful exuberance by pulling the aristocratic nose of Sir Henry Buckley, J.P. (Charles Garry). Meanwhile Dr. Neville (Lawrence Anderson), Lady Joan (Stephanie Stephens) and Lady Sawbridge (Alice O'Day) do their best to stay his hand**

*Stage Photo Co.*

"YOU'RE JUST A BRICK"

**Lady Joan (Stephanie Stephens) and the young doctor (Lawrence Anderson) put behind them childish things. The audience of three on the floor is left "uncommon calm" by their behaviour**

thus left undisturbed to their natural and lawful demonstrations of affection as the curtain falls. This is perhaps a detail that might have been more delicately handled for public presentation.

In the morning the nurse is consumed with holy anger and pious grief. She speaks of Clara as a Scarlet Woman, and as she sweeps from the room she draws her skirts tightly around her to avoid possible contact with the guilty one, though at her mature age the complaint could hardly be catching. About this time Dr. Neville hears that the family have sent for Sir James Gumley, the leading specialist in these matters, who would naturally at once discover the playful fraud. Dr. Neville thereupon has another bright idea. In a recent pageant he impersonated the famous specialist, and as he still has the make-up at his disposal he consoles Basil by promising to appear on the scene in due course as Sir James, and to offer his mature opinion that the case of mental regression is quite genuine. It happens, however, that Sir James turns up in person a few moments later, and Basil naturally takes the great man for his friend Neville in disguise. When Neville arrives a little later, his resemblance to the specialist is certainly remarkable, but there is just the slight difference between the two men to enable us to see where Basil has slipped up, and the laughter is loud and long accordingly.

There is a pompous J.P. who also arrives to help to solve the mystery of "Lord Babs," and in order to humour "baby" he consents to play "horses" with Basil, who thereupon races him about the room, applying a cane freely in the manner of the man who is not at all merciful to his beast. The play hangs entirely upon Mr. Merson's excellent mimicry of irresponsible babyhood. It should appeal to the public that favours this style of humour. JINGLE.

# BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

"He was dressed like a gentleman," said the constable, "but when I arrested him he was staggering about." Where there's a swell there's a sway.

. . . . . .

It is reported that in a certain house in Berkeley Square there is a ghost who can be heard singing. We should like to hear that haunting refrain.

. . . . . .

It is said that juvenile smoking is on the increase in our Public Schools. The Lower Third Forms may now be described as a packet of fags.

. . . . . .

When the hospitable host said, "Say, when," who was it who replied, "With measureless waste of mineral waters mar not the mead"?

. . . . . .

The latest dance mainly consists of circular movements, and is called "The Mexico." In that part of the world they are accustomed to "revolutions."

. . . . . .

A contemporary states that Jack the Ripper was employed in a laundry. Judging by our shirts, many of his descendants must be in the same employment.

. . . . . .

From a report of the last South African Test Match:—"Wyatt butted soundly at the right moment." It looks as though he got his opponent's goat.

. . . . . .

A Mr. Parcel recently married a Miss Present. They certainly ought to be wrapped up in each other.

Stage Silhouettes

(Miss Hermione Baddeley.)

*Whene'er you dance, Hermione,*
*I always keep my eye on 'ee,*
*And when I'm feeling rather "sadly,"*
*I need your humour very bad-d-'ley!*

. . . . . .

"Her teeth are so wonderful that I wonder if they are real."

"Personally, I should describe them as 'synthetic pearls.'"

. . . . . .

"Where's your young Art gone?"

"Round the corner to 'ave a drink."

"Ah; your Art's in the right place."

. . . . . .

Mr. Winston Churchill is again said to be contemplating a tax on bachelors. It will tax his ingenuity to compel them to pay it.

. . . . . .

"What is your objection to Prohibitionists?"

"Well, they seem to be all whine and water."

. . . . . .

It is stated that in New Guinea a wife can be purchased for five dollars. Some of these islanders can't realise the value of money.

A Holiday A B C

*Appledore and Andover are airy,*
*Barnstaple beats Bournemouth's breezy bay,*
*Colchester can challenge Castle Carey,*
*Dorchester's delightful during day.*

*Edinbro'-exhales exhilaration,*
*Frinton's frisky, fascinating, fair,*
*Guernsey girls go giddily gyrating,*
*Hastings' houris hazard henna hair.*

*Inverness is infinitely "ikey,"*
*Jersey jazzers jerseys jeopardise,*
*Killiecrankie kiddies can't cry "Crikey,"*
*Leamington, like Lynton, lovely lies.*

*Margate makes my merry, mischief maiden,*
*Newport's noisy; natty Newquay's neat,*
*Oban's opulently overladen,*
*Plymouth's packing Princetown's peerless peat.*

*Queenly Queenbro's querulously quailing,*
*Rochester's right royal; rarer, Rhyl;*
*Selsey starts salubriously sailing,*
*Tenby tosses tenners to the till!*

*Upton-under-Usk is undulating,*
*Ventnor (vivid) visitors invites,*
*Walmer's warmer; wily Westcliff's waiting;*
*'Xeter 'xceedingly 'xcites!*

(For places beginning with Y or Z, kindly apply to the author.—Ed.)

By Edwin Morrow

"FOR THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE"

The latest interesting and indispensable invention designed to keep erring husbands at home

# The Powder Monkey

BY JACK GORDGE

HER FATHER: "By Gad! Betty, you're looking awfully white. Not feeling queer, I hope?"

BETTY: "Queer? Good heavens, no! I bought three boxes of powder in Paris, and this is the only way I can get them through the Customs"

# Britain's Bright Particular Star

*Sasha*

**MISS BETTY BALFOUR**

A new photograph of the clever actress who is supreme in light comedy rôles in British films. Her new picture, "A Little Bit of Fluff," will soon be seen all over the country

# NIGHT LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

*Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

## No. XIII—ON KEEPING ONE'S END UP

WE get so many set-backs and disappointments in these days of rushing competition that it is gratifying, if not exactly consoling, to see other people keeping their end up, even if one's own is so frequently knocked down by the other fellow.

When the cult of the cabaret swept over London night life and an entirely new phase of the restaurant industry took shape, most of the set ideas and habits of the *restaurateur* had perforce to be scrapped. Some of the then leading places remained aloof, clinging tenaciously to the pre-war notion that the more subdued and spacious a smart restaurant was the more *chic* would remain its *clientèle*. They have been proved utterly wrong, as their post-war receipts showed ominously. An entirely different atmosphere pervades nearly all London's good dining places to-night to that which prevailed in, say, February, 1914. Many new restaurants have been born: and some have died.

Some restaurants, of course, are as national monuments in London, just as Cleopatra's bomb-flicked Needle is; and the Cab Shelter at Hyde Park Corner, wherein many of us have had delicious eggs and bacon and "corfy," what time the sternly disciplined housemaids of our aunt's barrack in Queen's Gate were starting up in bed to their alarums. And when you see a London restaurant keeping its end up, and a bit over, by effecting that subtle change of atmosphere which keeps not only its old *clientèle* but brings a large new one, you become at once interested and your scepticism of yesterday vanishes. You may even be stirred to the extent of offering them your congratulations, which is extremely kind of you, but which they don't need.

There stood once in Shaftesbury Avenue a place called the "Argyll Rooms." My father used to explain, when wishing to impress me with his dim gay dogdom, that it was here that —er—things occurred m'boy: a sort of beer-drinking bacchanalia, I gathered, where a Chairman sat at a table and banged on it with a hammer, somewhat ineffectually, on a Saturday night, for silence in order that Mr. Somebody might sing. Over the ashes of the famous Argyll Rooms arose the gilded Trocadero. The mind boggles at the thought of how many millions of meals have been eaten in the "Troc," and its Grill over the years. There has been, perhaps, more vivid life of a kind thrown on to the screen of this citadel of suppers than anywhere in London.

I imagine that with the advancing hordes of cabaret performers arriving elsewhere, and people flocking to see them, the "Troc." Tribunal at one time must have felt a suspicion of a draught blowing about their clever necks: and some of those daily Board Meetings must have been heavy with conjecture and planning. But they did not have to look far (the "Troc." Tribunal seldom does), for in their midst arose a man, very reluctantly, one night to sing a song at a Staff Dinner: and in him they saw, very wisely, the fellow for the job. Maurice, a Belgian by birth, and one of their many *maîtres d'hôtel* by trade, but in addition the complete café cabaret performer.

Thence it was but a step to the institution of two catchwords, "Trocabaret" and "Dinuit" with Maurice. As one who tries clumsily to coin words himself, I feel that the cleverness of a lorry-load of monkeys would be to the Tribunal as a Woolworth sixpenn'orth is to my January overdraft. As Maurice says, *real* cabaret does not provide for dancing (it never did), and as he attempts very successfully to supervise and portray the real thing on that little new raised daïs in the corner of the old restaurant, you can't dance in this room, and you don't want to. That is the last thing you want to do while you are dealing with the dinner that Maurice has ordered for you, standing by your table and writing it all down, like any other *maître d'hôtel* would, and then supervising its ritual and going away and leaving you to it, as any other *maître d'hôtel* should. The heavy pre-war decorations are rather a good thing, as they give an air of complacency and solid comfort. And towards the end of dinner, at that moment when people are beginning to say to each other, "What shall we do now?" a searchlight beam plays theatrically upon the daïs, and people play on that. And another hour has slipped over the edge of the night before you know where you are—not that you want to very much.

"A searchlight beam plays theatrically upon the daïs, and people play on that"

I am all for novelty—what noxious night-lighter isn't?—and when a place has got what no other place has got I, personally, am for it, several times. Expressing these sentiments one night I caught the Tribunal winking (and a man who is quick enough to catch the Tribunal winking at each other deserves ten dinners at their expense—but I am not

pressing the point), and they forthwith coerced me downstairs. They said it was "Champagne Time." This was not a threat but a promise. For there is an hour—or is it two?—down here which they call "Champagne Time," nobody contradicting them, when my old fillet-steak-eating Grill Room becomes a theatre, with a real stage at one end, and a sunken orchestra, and footlights, and fairies dancing down amongst the tables, and scampering as quickly and elusively away again, and all that kind of provocative business which tries an unattached male so sorely. Having heard "Almost a Gentleman" upstairs telling us his clothes are by Boots the Chemist: that some Channel swimmer has been treading on the fishes and chips: and that he knows a Scotsman (so do I) who is afflicted with a gathering of the clans, I look downstairs upon beauty almost unadorned; and then I go away, a merrier and a wiser man, though wishing I, too, could keep my end up always, with as much bias over on the other man's side, as skilfully as does the "Troc." Tribunal.

As another method of end-upkeeping commend me to the man who said, "The Strand is ablaze with theatres and adrift with idlers: we must do something about 'em." I don't suppose those were his exact words: he probably whispered to his fellow-financiers, and in secret, of course, in terms of "debentures" and "prefs." and "deferreds," and "a safe 15 per cent., and you can come in on the underwriting, ol' man." But, anyway, he built a restaurant, an elysium of electricity, and called it, not too adroitly I venture to think, "The Tricity." And hither come people out of the Strand theatres, and out of the night generally, to dance on a floor that is entrancingly sprung, in a room where the lights are most cunningly arranged. If any electrician, when wiring my house, had suggested putting the lights round the floor, I should have strongly suspected him of having had a couple before coming, and all my hackles would have arisen, not having had a couple myself. But at the Tricity this queer custom is demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of the sceptic. I understand they call it "Sun Rays." But whatever it is, seeing that this is primarily a place where one dances, and secondarily where one watches not only the twinkling silk ankles on the resilient parquet, but the little satin shoes curled round the legs of supper tables against the wall, where the lights are, I consider this system of lighting an extremely good egg.

'You are impregnably at ease with your own kind"

Of course, that wasn't their intention—good gracious, no! The intention was to provide a place where nice people who shrink from paying, or seeing their man pay, the best part of a fiver for supper can keep their end up after the theatre, in any sort of clothes, at comparatively little cost. Needless to say, the "safe 15 per cent." seems assured to the proprietors; it will probably be more like 50, judging by the steady and increasing patronage of this refreshingly original rendezvous.

But there is yet another little endroit, a tiny wee one, which has just sprung up in the heart of expensive lunch and dinner land. A place for the new, gentle poor—and every sahib knows who *they* are. They call it "Jack's Club," and it is in Orange Street, hard by Leicester Square. It must of necessity be a club, otherwise you would have the whole world that pretends it is poor pushing in; whereas we *know* we are. I have never discovered who Jack is, and it doesn't matter. Nor does it matter in the slightest that only one person at a time can squeeze round the opened front door and stand in the absurd little "hall" while he, or she, signs you in. What *does* matter is that in this room, about forty feet long by twenty broad, you are impregnably at ease with your own kind, who have the same very present difficulties as yourself and are concealing them just as cleverly; and the disturbingly rich element is very much outside, in the palaces round the corner.

Dark oak it is, with gay panels of oil-painted ships round the walls, and a bar at which men alone, and women alone, sit on up turned padded wine barrels, eating a good but simple meal that is costing what it *should* cost, and seldom does. Where nobody obtrudes upon anyone else, but where everyone is prepared to know, and like, anyone else in the room, if occasion demands it. Wherein it is obvious that you must be "nice" or you wouldn't be a member, which is, after all, the passport to all good clubs the world over: but they are, most of them, far more expensive than this, and not so amusing.

Another way of keeping one's end up is the method adopted by George Hill when he finds himself at issue with his erstwhile colleagues at the Ham Bone Club. George was at one time the dominant personality in this organisation; but, like so many of us, he quarrelled with Finance. So straightway he takes steps to open a rival club in Ham Yard, immediately underneath the other, and he calls it "The Bone of Contention." An excellent name for such a friendly resort—especially in the circumstances. But is this also a threat or is it a promise? For there are now two bones in the same small yard; and the dogs are already nosing warily round the corner towards them . . .

E. P. L.-B.

BY WILMOT LUNT

LEAP YEAR!

"HOLD HA

RD, PLEASE!"

BY CHLOË PRESTON

# Rowntree's 4-Chocolates are supreme

ROWNTREE'S 4/- CHOCOLATES represent the last word in attractive appearance. They are supreme examples of the Chocolate Maker's art.

Furthermore, their high quality is enhanced by the novelty and variety of their centres. Rowntree experts are constantly devising new delicious centres, and as new ideas are discovered they are quickly incorporated in these assortments—thus keeping them up-to-date.

**6** *Famous Assortments*

**4/-** *per lb.*

STRANGEMAN

A WINTER SILHOUETTE
Two dog teams silhouetted against the winter landscape in the Rockies

# THE HUSKY SLEIGH DOGS OF CANADA

## The Increasing Popularity of International Sleigh-dog Racing

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

HEAVY GOING
A team of Huskies encounter a patch of snow which puts them on their mettle

FAR up in the icy northlands of the continent of North America, where winter keeps her white carnivals of frost and snow for long months together, communications and mails often rely upon the sure-footed, four-legged creatures that drag the sleighs over wide wastes of snow-covered land. They can go where no other mode of conveyance may pass, and are capable of long tests of strength and endurance. Often when their drivers, known as "Mushers," have missed their way on the trackless snow, the sagacity of the dogs will pick up the trail and bring the load safely to its destination.

The great epic in the annals of *sleigh-dog history, which is also a record for speed, strength, and endurance, was the journey made in the winter of 1925, when Leonard Sepalla carried antitoxin serum from Nenana to Nome, a distance of 665 miles, by relays of dog teams through blizzards at 60 below zero, taking five and a half days to do it, and averaging 120 miles a day. This heroic act is commemorated by a monument to the lead dog, Balto, probably the only one ever put up to a dog, which stands in the Central Park, New York.

From the inevitable comparisons which have constantly been made between rival dog teams has arisen sleigh-dog racing as an established international sport. In the days of the famous Alaskan gold rush great dog Derbies were run (resulting often in a final struggle between death, life, and one another) over a course of some 400 miles. Now most of the important classic races of the north are run over a course of 100 to 200 miles, by far the most important being the International Sleigh Dog Race, which was run last week at Quebec. This is a three-day race and attracts all the principal "Mushers," the names of the entrants and the type of dogs being followed with keen interest. The men often have to travel many days before arriving at the starting point. Wrapped in fur-lined coat and hood, some are queer-looking, half-wild men from the woods, clearly pleased with their contact with a social world, and fiercely proud of their teams.

Upon each "Musher's" speed and endurance rest the success of the race as much as on that of the dogs themselves, for he also must run, and not rest too often by kneeling on the sleigh, as his added weight will only retard the race. After them he goes with the queer loping run that is half a walk—closely resembling a great wolf himself. He guides them by the voice alone, often using the Esquimau words of *Hock*, right; *Ra-ra*, left; *Ha-a*, stop; and *Mush*, to go; while the sleigh is called *kometik*. He carries a long 25ft. whip with a short handle to add persuasion to his voice, but if the lead dog is well trained he will not have to use this often. The success of the team depends largely on

TROTTING WELL
A magnificent team of Huskies leaving one of the old gates of Quebec

* Always known locally as "sled," or "Sledge."

the lead dog, and he is carefully chosen not only on account of his physique, but for his intelligence. He is acknowledged as master by the other dogs, and often any quarrels in the ranks are quelled by a snarl from him, or a bite if necessary, and the musher is often devoted to his "lead."

The dogs are snarling, savage brutes, invariably crossed with the wolf to ensure a hardihood to withstand the climate, but once in harness are keen to be off, and chafe at delay. They do not bark, but give a curious wolf-like growl which betrays their wolf origin. They have to be unhitched separately, as when tired and hungry they are particularly angry, and feuds are apt to be fought out to the death. They can sleep quite happily in a bed of snow, with their bushy tails over their noses to protect their lungs a little from the cold air. They do not have to be given water, but lick the snow, and can remain long hours without food.

There are three principal methods of harnessing or "hitching" dogs: the "fan," where each dog radiates from a single individual trace, giving a maximum of movement; the "tandem" hitch, which extends the dogs in single file and gives a greater concentrated pull on the sleigh; and the "gang" hitch, now the standard for racing, where one long trace runs from the nose of the sleigh to the leader, which is alone, while the team dogs are hitched in pairs right and left of the central trace.

When the International Dog Derby takes place in Quebec the little old town is agog with excitement, and a visit to the different teams is an exciting experience. One magnificent team of huskies which took part in the event last winter were beautiful dark grey and white brutes with wonderfully matched coats of long fur. The leader had been bred from a dog that was half a wolf mated to a wolf, yet the dog species stood out strongly in him. He was a tall, powerfully built animal with cunning red eyes, and was very fierce. Though undoubtedly the best-looking team entered, they did not make a good showing in the race. Another team was made of leggy hounds touched with Labrador, clearly bred for speed; while others were composed of sturdy, nondescript huskies.

Sitting in his office, the secretary of the International Dog Derby Committee told of his own experience with dogs when he had "mushed." How on one occasion the leader of his team had turned on him and jumped suddenly at his throat on being touched with the whip; how he had had to beat him back with the handle before he could subdue him; and sometimes it is touch and go whether the dog or human wins. How later that dog went wild and ran away into the woods, but would return at night to ravage the small colony of settlers, as though seeking revenge for the injury of civilisation and cross-breeding that had been done him. Finally, after a special sortie was made, he was with great difficulty tracked down and shot.

"MUSH! MUSH!! YOU HUSKIES"
**One of Quebec's magnificent wide thoroughfares, with some Huskies on parade. On the right is seen a picturesque mounted policeman**

The Chateau Frontenac at Quebec possesses its own sleigh-dog team, and anyone wanting a real thrill can sit in the sleigh while Beauvais, the famous musher, runs behind. The old town is on a hill, and as the sleigh takes the slope at a slant one just has time to hope one will miss the tram which runs in the middle of the narrow street, or a pedestrian here and there as one slithers across the road when rounding a corner. Happily, the sleigh has brakes whose sharp points dig down into the soft snow, but one instinctively relies on other people getting out of the way and the supreme intelligence of "Mountie," the leader. The dog team is a sight that passers-by always pause to look at, and the dogs, with their tails well up, clearly enjoy their run.

"Mountie," the lead dog of this team, is a veteran who once belonged to the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and his years are gaining slightly on him. For him the musher lays down a rug when he has to wait, and while grateful for the attention he resents being made to feel old. Still is he "top dog," and will stand no quarrelling or nonsense in the team behind him, which he stops at once, even though his own offspring be the cause of the friction.

Such is the growing interest in sleigh-dog racing that great efforts are being made to standardise the breed and evolve a type of dog most suitable for the purpose. This is a point which arouses the greatest controversy. Two types of dogs are required: those capable of speed and those possessing strength and endurance to pull heavy loads.

So much cross-breeding has been indulged in that the origin of the "husky" is often difficult to trace. Many breeds have been drawn from, such as the Great Danes, St. Bernard, and Mastiffs, but the Eskimo breed is the only one recognised by the American Club, though even his origin is often doubtful enough. Sometimes the collie is chosen to breed from, sometimes the Samoyede, while there is often a strong look of the Chow; but the true breed of any one strain is becoming rarer and rarer. The wolf strain, however, lends a universal resemblance, and the generic term of "husky" covers much.

There is an attempt made for dogs entering for the International Races to possess certain qualifications, and even these are controversial points. The lighter-bred, swift-running dogs are favoured if the snowfall be light, and the stronger, more powerful breeds are more in the running if the snowfall be heavy. Sometimes a heavy fall overnight will alter the chances entirely between rivalling teams.

The opening of a sleigh-dog race is exciting in the extreme, and has been the scene of a battle to the death at the starting point between two teams, putting them both out of action. It is a sport which calls for courage, endurance and skill, and, as the Americans have it, it is a "man-sized" sport. So far the Canadians and French-Canadians have won all the laurels as mushers, but various sleigh-dog kennels have been started in the States. However good the dogs, the final and supreme test is the man who drives behind, coupled to the training his team has received at his hands—for it is only their master's voice they know and, by long training, obey.

B. B. E.

# FROM CABARET *and* REVUE *to* FILM

On the right are seen two clever young dancers, Julio Lothario and Julietta, who have been tangoing their way to fame on the Riviera and in Spain. They will be seen in the new British film "Toni," which is now being produced at Elstree

*Rachurn*

JULIO LOTHARIO AND JULIETTA

*Hal Linden*

THALIA BARBEROVA

Thalia Barberova, who is seen on the left, is one of the many talented and attractive young people who are playing in Cochran's Revue (1928). In addition to her stage career, Thalia Barberova is also engaged in doing work for the films

# PARISIANA

By "René"

*Illustrations by* MARCEL PONCIN

"And then 'Bang'"

MES AMIS,

EVERY once in a while some citizen of this great city takes himself firmly by the left ear and then gives audibility to the echo that has been disturbing him internally. "No," he says, "Paris is not what she used to be. Then, she was accorded, and most thoroughly deserved, the alluring title of the Gay City. But now—ah, now! *Quel changement! Quelle tristesse!* It is of the necessity supreme that something of the extraordinary should be done about it."

AND something of the extraordinary is therefore attempted, something of the nature which, if it were but more frequent, would easily requalify Paris for the lost, and deplored, description of Gay City. The latest little effort in this direction was most efficiently put into operation in a *salon* which is acknowledged to be *très parisien*. When you get such a specimen of the practical joke in an *hôtel particulier* belonging to, and thronged by, members of *le grand monde*, it is of torpor-shaking consequence—as much of a shock as if you had heard of it from one of the ducal palaces or other stately homes of England.

'Takes himself firmly by the left ear"

THE occasion was a *grande soirée*, which included among the famous guests grave statesmen and Ministers, eminent bankers fully rivalling the politicians in gravity—in fact, all the *crème de la crème* of the people who stand for substance and success in things worldly. No doubt as a foil to their expected gravity were also included among the invited a number of *personnes plus légères*, such as *ballerines* from the Opéra. At a propitious moment of the late hours it was proposed that a new game should be tried for the diversion of the brilliant, but still slightly cold, assembly.

WHEREUPON little rubber balloons were distributed, a noticeable preference being shown in handing them to the men of the gravest mien. The recipients were instructed to blow, blow, blow like members of the Besses o' th' Barn Brass Band, with the intimation that those who succeeded in provoking a burst would be the recipients of a prize that would be distinctly worth the having. And so these portentous, and mostly portly, notabilities blew and blew from the depths of their vast "tummies," and when the time allowance was exhausted thirty among them were able to brandish proudly the sign of their triumph—a rubber balloon with a rent in it.

CLAIMING their prizes, they were grouped together on a sort of small platform, where they were informed that there was to be a further, and supreme, test, which would determine the order of the prize-giving. Out came their chests, like fantail pigeons, when a second supply of balloons was handed along, and at the word "Allez" they swelled themselves to capacity limits. They blew like the most brass-lunged of trombone players, hard enough to set the base of the Eiffel Tower a-quivering, but not a solitary bang was heard. They grew ever more purple in the face as they saw a jury gathered, notebooks in hand, waiting to register the points, and the remainder of the guests standing ready to applaud the victors.

"Here was the full skirt"

THEN the *ballerines* slipped through the straddled legs of some of them, offering themselves as a relay for a turn of blowing. Over the spectacle of these eminent, and usually most dignified, personages, torturing themselves to rent a hole in a sphere of rubber, the spectators became delirious. To them had been passed the "tip" that these balloons were "unbustable." Paris, they felt, had again become the Gay

"The recipients were instructed to blow"

City for that evening. But their victims, the men of importance, still think it is a sad place and most culpably lacking in respect.

SOME very peculiar people find matter for congratulation in the disclosure that a number of Parisiennes, "from Society circles," have formed a Girls' Revolver Club and have become such dead shots that they can knock the light off the end of a cigarette held in the mouth of a confident assistant. Personally, I see nothing but cause for disquietude. If there is one place in the world where revolvers have a tendency to go off hastily when people are not quite one hundred per cent. happy over their affections, either having lost the affections of someone else or felt a diminution of their own—that place is Paris.

UP to now the only hope has reposed on the probability that the inevitable shots would go wide. But with the revelation that these Society girls are as sure of their mark as William Tell, 'tis altogether another story, *mes petits*, and I am going to be very precise in the overhauling of the list of my dancing partners. Even those who can be only faintly suspected of association with the Revolver Club shall be deleted from the tally.

I HAVE had enough of revolvers to fill my life as full as is desirable on that side. Think of the prospects. How could you tell a girl she is the best dancer you know? She would be certain to tell one of the others about it. And then, "Bang." I really think the police ought to suppress Girls' Revolver Clubs. They're more than a menace—they're an incitement.

MOST BYSTANDER readers, being *à la page*, know that, though the phrase "Rue de la Paix" is still employed to describe the *quartier* of the fashionable dressmakers, it is not quite so accurate in application as it used to be. I believe "Blanchette," always a candid critic, commented rather sharply on the fact that when she sought "Rue de la Paix" frocks from Lelong, Patou, Molyneux, Jeanne Lanvin, and Poiret, she ran up what was a noticeable bill for a cheap Paris taxi.

YET the house of Worth still remains faithful to the street of tradition, and upholds the best of that tradition. I went to look at the summer "collection," principally to see if M. Jean Charles Worth had stood by his own prediction that there was about to be a return to the fashions of pre-war days. M. Worth had been bold enough to inform us that "it will be as if the years between 1914 and 1928 had never existed."

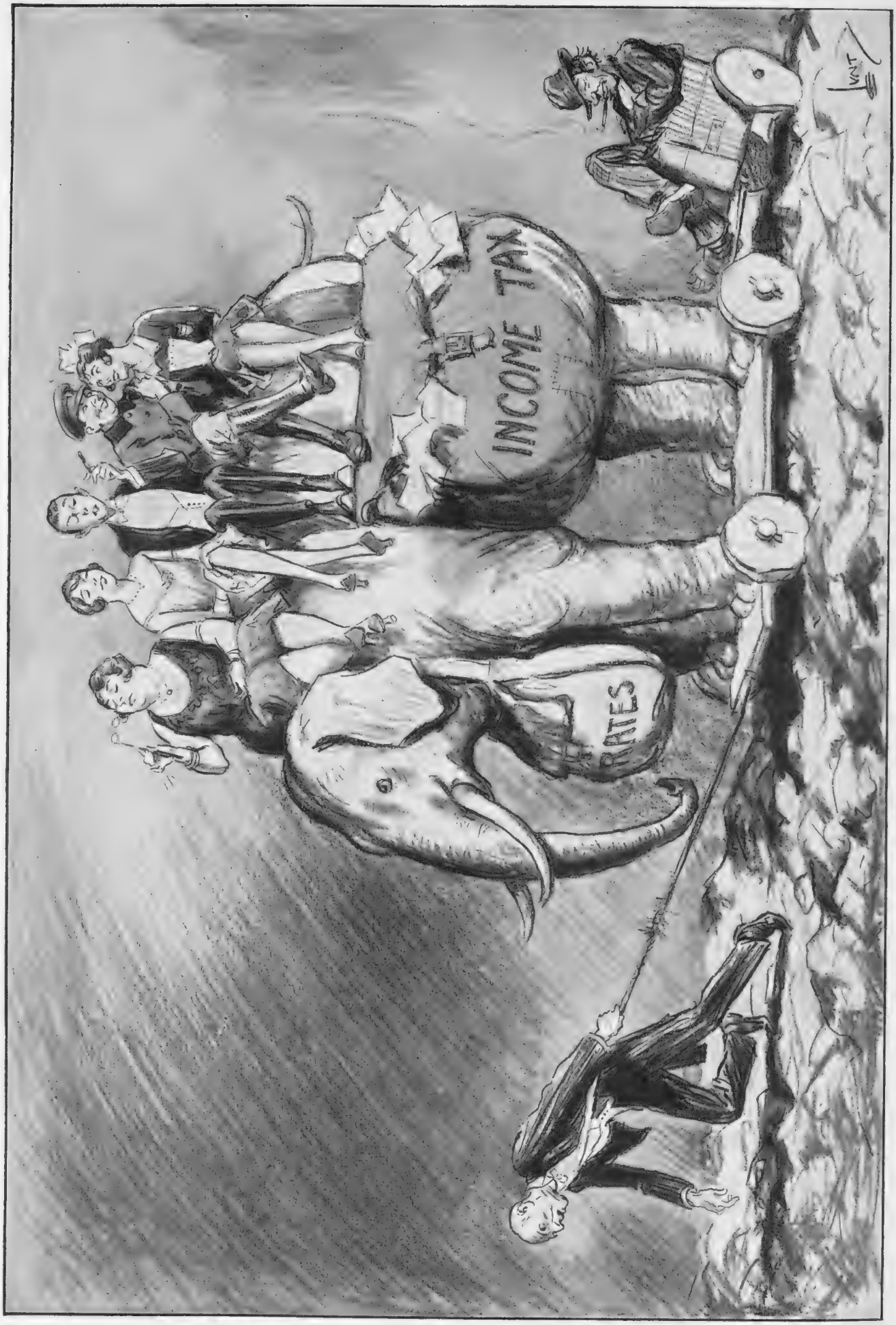
WELL, the "collection" proved that M. Jean Charles had faith in his own forecasts, as here was the waistline in the place where one would look for it unconsciously; here was the full skirt, the blouse passing beneath the skirt, fringes and tassels and capes. There were even materials and colours indicating an emphatic pre-war influence—*faille*, taffeta, homespun satin, and foulard. And among colours there was garnet. Garnet!—doesn't that call back romance to you? But I mustn't stress these old favourites too much or I may be accused of implying that Worth's are old-fashioned, and that would be absurd.

RENÉ

Topical

LYDIA BYZANTI

**The young Rumanian, who is only twelve years old, but is already attracting attention in Paris by her dancing at the Empire. In addition to pursuing her professiona career she is continuing her studies at the school of Mlle. Zambelli, the famous danseuse**




THE WHITE ELEPHANT

BY WILMOT LUNT

# GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"To strenuously promulgate good and pious deeds"

Most Dear Hon. Bystanders,

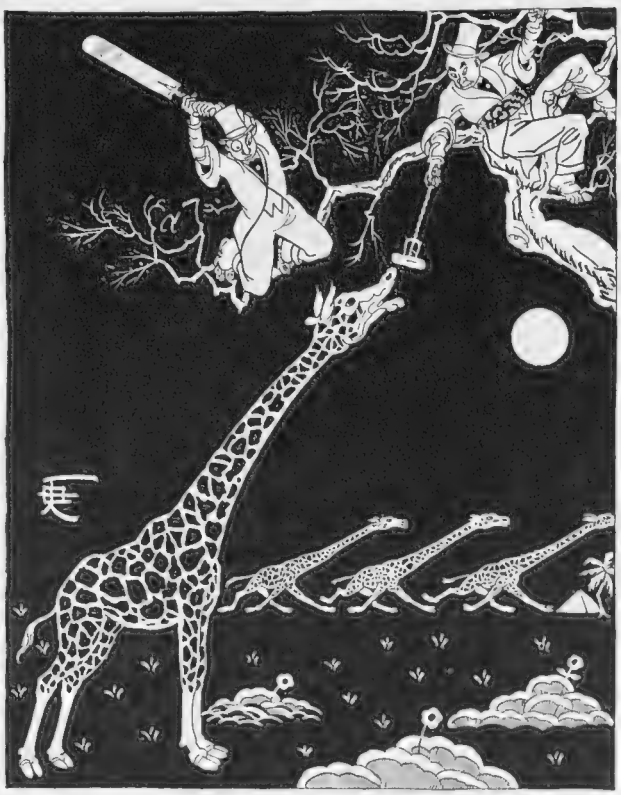
It has been a very long known fact that I are an enormously philanthropist person who loves not anything better as to strenuously promulgate good and pious deeds and to help casualtied canines over their stiles. Indeedly, I venture to make bold that not any sophisticateless tyro or bucolic has ever written to me *via* Hon. Bystander for good advices or other expenseless giftings and not received same per immediate return of post or C.O.D. with a free hand. I will go more far as to say that not any *literati*, ancient or modern, has purveyed more sound, edifying and copper-bottomed informations on every subject in all their branches, than this humble and self-retirings person. Not any the lessly, I are only a human genius with not more as 24 hours to my *diem* and only 1 brace of hands and it are grown to be so good as impossible for me to personally give my attentions and considerations to the 1,000s and 1 questions and requestings which deluge me from every ¼ of the globe and British Colonies. It are 1 thing to be an Answers to Correspondents hackster, and another to be a brilliant and world-wide *literati* wielding the fates of empires on his pen. Therefore I are now pursuing steps to adequately deal with my correspondents, which I trust to hope will produce A.1 and 100% satisfactions. Saidly steps comprise to establish The Bystander Emigrations and Informations Bureau which, when patented, will non-doubtlessly be the greatest and most complete bureau on the entire globe. We propose to not only make purchase the Encyclopædia Britannica (at 25/- per monthly instalments) so we can purvey 1-st hand informations from A to Z by our own experts, but we are seeking to assiduously engage the most greatest and keenest intelligents of the day at entire non-regard of expenses. I are now executing tremendous negotiations to include on our advisings staff Hon. Sir Baldwin (sportings and balloons department); Hon. Sir Ramsay (capitals and investments branch); Hon. Sir W. Churchill (masc robes and modes branch); Hon. Sir Dean Inge ("Uncle Cheerful" who will help depressed persons with uplifting, stimulating and breezy advices); Hon. Miss Tallulah Bankhead (cookings and mendings department); Hon. Sisters Dolly (nursery and infantine ailings branch), to say not anything of innumerous other experts at epochal and precedentless remunerations. This so wonderful organisation, which are positively non-parelleled in the history of modern journalistics and will cause Hon. contemporaries to gnash with rage and impotents, will remain to be entirely beneath my personal directions as aforesaidly, and my advices and experients will be always on tap when, and if, our experts discover to find themselves in a hole.

"Hon. Sir W. Churchill (masc robes and modes branch)"

All these so priceless and epoch-breaking advantages, to only mention a few, will be purveyed entirely free for gratis with not any charges whatsoever at all, if and providing all requests for informations be, or are, accompany by (or with) my ensignature cut out of Hon. Bystander (see feet of thisly article) and a cheque for 5£s (which positively *must* be made payable to Prof. Y. Hama to avoid mistakes) or P.O's, banknotes, stamps or securities in lieu. Envelopes should be marked "Informations Bureau" on the north-west corner and persons seeking to acquire saidly informations must state if nuptialled or 1-ngle, also number of infantines, if any, and why. The person asking the most number of questions in a month (under abovely-mentioned conditions and bye-laws) will graduate to receive a valuable prize under our new competitions scheme suitable for framing and suspending in the front parlour or thereabouts. (By arrangement with the

Artistic Enlargements Co.) But this are by not any means all the good things I have up my sleeve. Hon. Bystanders who seek to immediately accrue these stupendous blessings, will also receive (on fine art paper in 3 colours) a Free Insurants Benefits Coupon (Y.H. patent) which, if they should suffer to become defunct by falling from an aeroplane (see *a*), from the top of a building not less as 15 stories high, or down a drain, well or other man-made cavity (see *b*) or should suffer to become deceased when hunting elephants, giraffes or other tropical quadrupetals (see *c*) will receive 1,000£s (see *d*).

Exceptions: *a*. Persons performing *hara-kiri*, or falling out of saidly aeroplanes or off saidly edifices by negligents, fraud or malice aforethoughts, or from carelessness, or from any defects in aforesaidly aeroplanes or edifices, are exempt from claiming these benefits; *b*. Persons causing themselves to fall for the purpose of claiming these benefits, or because of not looking where preambling, or between the hrs of sunset and sunrise, are non-eligible for compensations under this scheme; *c*. This benefit can be only claimed if the benefiteer are in full possession of a huntings license, or under 21 annums of age and carries on or about his person a copy of Hon. Bystander not more as 1 week older than the date on which saidly benefiteer suffered to become defunct. If, and when, saidly conditions are entirely complied with (see *f*) and if and supposing he (or she) be not otherwisely insured or protected within the meaning of the Act (See Act XLY. Cap. *iv*. Vic. *ix*.) he (or she) can endeavour to claim a 1,000£s if saidly claim are made on or before 7 days. (*g*.)



"Hunting . . . giraffes"

Note *f*. These benefits are only eligible to persons who have paid 1 year's subscription to Hon. Bystander in advance.

Note *g*. Insomuch and notwithstandingly the aforesaidly promise or promises for, on and in the behalf of the Bystander Insurants Policy Scheme (hereinafter called the benefactors), the person or persons (hereinafter called the benefiteers) seeking to successfully acquire the 1,000£s (hereinafter called the benefit) are non-suited if they try so to do by legal or suchly sportless methods and the deal must be considered entirely off. The decision of the Bystander Insurants Committee (Chairman, Dr. Y Hama) are final and all complaints, if any, will be sent for arbitrations to the National Sportings Club. (*h*.)

Note *h*. Mr. Y. Hama, the Editor and staff of Hon. Bystander are wholly, entirely and very completely non-responsible and non-liable for any cash or other benefits abovely or hereinafterwardsly mentioned.

I do not hesitate to doubt that this so amazing offer will create an enormous sensations in all ¾s and prove a calculateless blessing to innumerous Hon. Bystanders.

Yogo Hama

P. and A.

**IN THE CLOSE**

**The Rugby and Eton XVs photographed together in the famous Close at Rugby before the recent match, which was the first occasion in the history of the game that the two schools have met at Rugger. Rugby inflicted a heavy defeat on the visitors, the score being 40-nil. J. W. Kentish, the Rugby captain, and N. H. du Boulay, the Eton captain, are seated respectively left and right of the ball**

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# DON'T WE ALL? By Blanchette

*Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Chooses her man"

LONDON, *Feb.* 27.

DEAR COUSIN,

RATHER nice bright idea this Leap Year one, is not it? That we seem to be celebrating pretty thoroughly and ornamentally, by the way, this Wednesday as ever is. Complete with special gala nights at all the best pubs or clubs and so on, as, f'r instance, the First Avenue in High Holborn, where they're dining and dancing and gala-ing in a way which will leave no doubt that to-night is an Occasion, and quite right, too. Seeing for one thing that Christmas and suchlike other classic festivities may come only once a year, as they say in the carols and popular poems and things, but Leap Year Day's ever so much rarer and more precious still—though must be slightly unamusing to such as happened to be born on it, what? Somewhat boring to have a birthday only once in four years, mustn't it be, however pleasing to such as would fain seem younger than they are.

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ANCIENT and honourable tradition, too, isn't there, that on Leap Year Day poor weak woman, overcoming all her usual bashfulness and inferiority complex, and all the hard-boiled, rockbottom rules of all the ages, suddenly avails herself of immemorial privilege associated with such and . . . well, chooses her man instead of being chosen. Or can if she likes. Actually ask a man to marry her instead of only waiting and wondering. Just straight out, just like that—"Will you marry me?" or words to that effect. And can't you see 'em rushing at it, dear cousin, by special permission received, as portrayed in comic papers about this period? I should smile, as they say in that rather nice little phrase from over the way.

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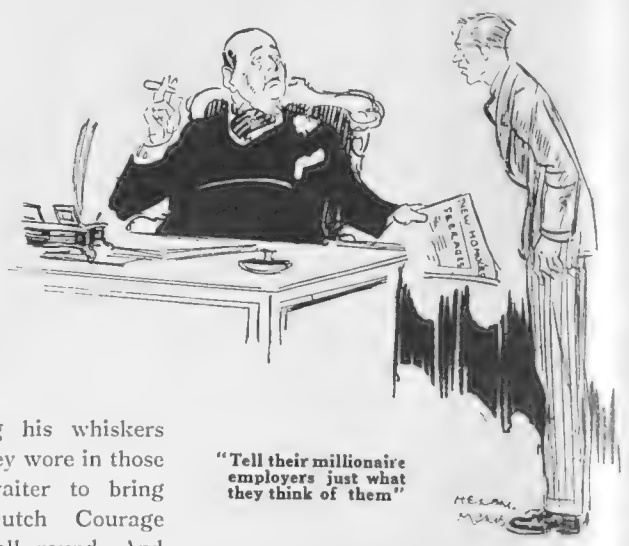
MARVELLOUS, isn't it, the way men, dear things, do love deluding themselves and always have apparently, from any amount of million years B.C. Got a sort of uneasy feeling somewhere at the back of their minds, perhaps some of them did have, that they don't run every little thing in the world quite so utterly and entirely as of course they should. So some Bright Spot among them invented Leap Year. Give them their heads and let 'em all come, says he—don't be afraid, you watch. We'll soon see whether women know how to boss us, he says, Machiavellianly stroking his whiskers the while, or whatever they wore in those days, and telling the waiter to bring another double of Dutch Courage (potion of the period) all round. And did the poor down-trodden Helots rise to it and take advantage of aforesaid magnificent concession, not to say gloriously gracious boon? I trow not.

"Apropos of leaping—it's surely Spring now"

NO, Sir—as is I believe also popular method of address in aforesaid former Colonies, which, by the way, Sir John Fortescue's just produced a rather nice book about, showing we were quite in the right in the original scrap and George Three wasn't in the least the mutt we once thought, and we were really ever so much politer to the revolting Americans of the day than they deserved, but that's by the way. What I mean to say is, why should anyone, or did anyone, ever really bother about Leap Year except perhaps the dear, sweet, simple-minded men who started it, bless their crude little hearts. As if we wanted leave, and did any man who *hadn't* been asked the question ever say No when the way had been properly prepared, so to speak—and the girl who *didn't* ask him was, *bien entendu*, at any rate moderately comelyish and passable in a crowd? Once more, dear cousin and brethren and sistren, the answer is (bar accidents) in the negative.




"Tell their millionaire employers just what they think of them"

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BUT this Leap Year idea—rather a pleasing one, methinks, if we could just turn it on to some of the other little affairs of life, as you might say. Giving people a chance to speak, I mean, that are usually silent out of politeness or because it isn't done. What a lovely little opportunity it'd be, for instance, for quite a lot of clerks and people who slave from nine to six at £4 a week or so, to tell their millionaire employers just what they think of them, or taxpayers to have a quiet word with

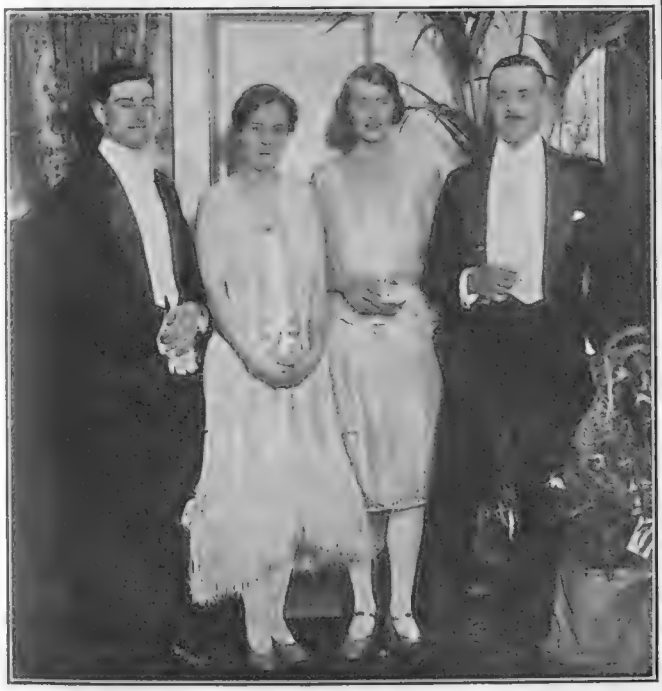
*The*

# North Warwick Hunt Ball

Held at the Shire Hall, Warwick, proved an outstanding success and was well patronised by hunting and dancing folk. Here are seen some of those whom the photographer was fortunate enough to catch in a quiet moment

A group including Mrs. Greenslade, Mrs. Le Norris, Miss Rosemary Keeling, Mrs. M. Ellis, Mrs. Nelson-Smith, Mr. Nelson-Smith, Mr. Keeling, Mr. Eric Greenslade, and Colonel Steel

Mr. E. W. Standish, Miss D. Anyess, Miss Marjorie Walker, and Mr. Roger Bickley



*Photographs*

Mr. Ian McNain, Miss Barbara Stracey-Clitheroe, and Capt. and Mrs. Phillips Hicks. Capt. Phillips Hicks is a nephew of the Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks

*Brit. Illus.*

Mr. William Wainman, Miss Gwendolyn Bromet, Miss Geraldine Box, Mr. Philip Wainman, Miss Honor Milward, Mr. G. Stewart-Smith, and Mrs. W. R. Bromet

Winston, who snatches from us such a horridly large slice of our hard-earned Bradburys so's to make the world fit for dole-heroes to live in. Even a little fatherly or motherly chat with some few of the best club and restaurant proprietors as to why we're charged about a million pounds for a bottle of champagne and at least half a crown for no bread might not be amiss—but there, methinks, we touch on *la haute politique,* I suppose. As also in the matter of theatre stalls that cost fourteen bob at least, and if it's a special occasion more likely twenty-four—is it worth it?

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Answer being, of course, if there are mugs, I mean enthusiasts, who'll pay said sum, it must be—though not sure the films at about four or five bob the best seat (and it doesn't much matter where you sit for a picture *either,* does it, as you haven't got to hear any words) won't fairly wipe the mere theatres off the earth ere long. Though, talking about theatres, have just been to a play there that, meseems, would make anyone who'd ever seen it feel that the movies are dead for ever or never born; and most of the other theatres ought also to shut up shop. *The Unknown Warrior* it's called, and at the Little, where it's going to run, anyway, till the end of this week.

卐

My dear, this is a *play*—and just shows you how, well, not quite so good the others must be that have to be bolstered up with great big casts and music by Boppenheimer and scenery by Chose and frocks by Autrui, and all that sort of thing to help out the so-called plot. Only three people in this one, all told—think of it. One less even than in *On Approval,* which is rather a record in its way. There's a girl and her *fiancé,* and the man's father, that's all. He's in the French Army, and it's 1915. He's come back on short leave for four days. His father doesn't believe in war much, except that it's given him rather a good time, and the girl has deliberately tried, with some success, to forget it. Enter the soldier, who has only managed to snatch his four days by volunteering for a job which was certain death, but he thought it was worth it He and the girl have a night of love, but she confesses (I wonder why) that she doesn't really properly love him any more now and did it out of gratitude, and the old man reproaches him for being so violent and indecent . . . Oh, isn't it too terribly and frightfully believable though? But it's a big thing and a wonderful play.

"We were really ever so much politer to the revolting Americans of the day"

卐

But apropos of leaping, it's surely Spring now, or anyway it's felt rather like it once or twice lately, and quite enough to make us and other lambs do at least a little bit of the seasonable springing, likewise caracolling, *n'est-ce pas?*

With love,
Yours ever,
Blanchette.

# BYSTANDER BRIDGE

## TWO FREAK HANDS

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

When freak hands are about anything may happen. The most amazing results occur. Players bring off contracts which appear impossible to the opponents. Happy the freak-hand holders who get doubled and are able to redouble with success and without the opponents switching and spoiling a good thing.

Here is a case from play where the double looks absolutely sound. I will not say that the redouble was sound, but it came off.

S.—9, 8, 4.
H.—10, 7, 2.
D.—A, K, J, 8, 7, 3.
C.—J.

S.—3.
H.—9, 8, 5, 4, 3.
D.—6, 5, 4, 2.
C.—8, 6, 5.

| | Y | |
|---|---|---|
| A | | B |
| | Z | |

S.—K, Q, 7.
H.—A, K, Q, J, 6.
D.—Q, 9.
C.—K, Q, 10.

S.—A, J, 10, 6, 5, 2.
H.—None.
D.—10.
C.—A, 9, 7, 4, 3, 2.

Score: Game all. B dealt and bid "One Heart"; Z, "Two Spades"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Three Spades"; B, "Four Hearts"; Z, "Four Spades"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Double"; Z, "Redouble." All pass.

In the play of the hand B made only one trick—a Spade. This was how it was done:—

A led a Heart, which Z ruffed, made his Ace of Clubs, and ruffed a Club in Dummy, made Dummy's Ace of Diamonds, and then ruffed a Diamond. Z then led a third Club and ruffed in Dummy, following with a lead of 9 of Spades. B covered with the Queen, Z took the trick with the Ace and returned the Jack, and B made his only trick—a remarkable result.

. . . . . .

From the Officers' Club, Razmak, Waziristan, India, comes the following:—

S.—K, 10, 4, 3.
H.—None.
D.—None.
C.—A, 10, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

S.—None.
H.—A, K, J, 9.
D.—A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7.
C.—J.

| | Y | |
|---|---|---|
| A | | B |
| | Z | |

S.—None.
H.—Q, 10, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
D.—6, 5, 4, 3, 2.
C.—None.

S.—A, Q, J, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 2.
H.—7.
D.—None.
C.—K, Q, 9.

Z dealt and bid "Three Spades"; A, "Four Diamonds"; Y, "Four Spades"; B, "Six Diamonds"; Z, "Five Spades"; A, "Seven Diamonds"; Y and B, "No bid"; Z, "Six Spades." All pass.

A opened with the King of Hearts, trumped by Dummy, and Z was able to lay his hand down straightaway and take a grand slam.

## MEMORIES REFRESHED BY WORTHINGTON

## THOSE WERE DAYS

The bus driver's attire in those days was left to his own discretion; and his remarks concerning policemen, "hansoms" and even coachmen, were considered by expert opinion to be both graphic and comprehensive—and like an editor's decision—final and binding. *Ladies* rode inside *only*. Gentlemen frequented the top, but a shout of "Four Horseshoes" from the conductor would always bring two or three rattling downstairs, to alight gracefully, while the bus was still in motion, opposite the swing doors. (Three Worthington's please.)

By "The Tout"

IN THE 'CHASING WORLD

**Major "Dick" McCreery is one of the 17th Lancers' most able exponents of the art of race riding. His horses are prepared for their engagements by Brian Bletsoe. Mr. Fred Withington, once upon a time a famous amateur, has forgotten more about training steeplechasers than many a trainer ever knew**

# Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

### *"National" Outlook*

NOTHING occurred in February racing to shake my faith in the Grand National prospects of Bright's Boy, who is gradually getting into fighting trim. At Birmingham Mr. Sanford's horse jumped with his accustomed grace, but was stopped by lack of condition. He should be at least 10 lb. better the next time he runs. The recent victory of Bovril III adds further to the interest of the great steeplechase. In fact, it is difficult to recall a Grand National which has so many attractive features, and it is a pity the race is likely to be marred to some extent by an excessively large field. It is thought that there will be something like fifty runners. Surely something could be done to limit the Grand National field in future years to reasonable proportions. It might well be restricted to horses who have previously won steeplechases of a certain value. This limitation would prove a hardship in some cases, but against that could be set the fact that the race would produce fewer case of bad luck than must necessarily exist under the prevailing conditions.

### *Novice's Luck ?*

I AM wondering whether Mr. Victor Emanuel is going to enjoy the luck which other American sportsmen have experienced in the Grand National It will be recalled that Mr S. Sanford won that race with Sergeant Murphy on the first occasion his colours were carried in the big steeplechase, while in the same way "novice's luck" was the delightful portion of Mr. Charles Schwartz with Jack Horner two seasons ago. Young Emanuel, who is credited with having made an immense pile out of real estate in the United States in remarkably quick time, is making his first bid in the Grand National with The Coyote. I understand the price at which this horse changed hands was £2,500. In these days of exalted values for Grand National horses that does not look to be a stupendous amount to give for last season's winner of the Grand Steeplechase de Paris. I understand, however, that a big contingency is at stake in the event of The Coyote scoring at Liverpool.

### *The Coyote*

IT cannot be said that this horse was rapturously received by the critics in the paddock at Windsor when making his first appearance in England last week. Before the race I did not meet anybody who had a good word to say for him. It was pointed out that he had bad legs and small feet, and was in no sense the type of horse who could be expected to carry a lot of weight over the Grand National country. After the Windsor race most of the critics were inclined to modify their views on The Coyote. The horse certainly gave a most creditable account of himself, and though he did not actually win he did enough to show that he is entitled to the tall reputation he has brought from France. Windsor is by no means an ideal course for the onlookers. Most of its steeplechasing track is a long way away from the stands, so it is difficult to see what the horses are doing at most of their fences. The glimpses I had of The Coyote conveyed the idea that he was jumping as well as any of his rivals. He was probably taking on something pretty stiff in endeavouring to concede lumps of weight to Mrs. Kenneth Mackay's Nero IV a horse who has served a good apprenticeship in the hunting field and is probably a better 'chaser than is commonly supposed.

### *Sprig's Form*

IT is obvious that the rather cramped Windsor course is not really a suitable one for Sprig, but the fact remains that those associated with his stable were exceedingly hopeful that he would win the Leap Year Steeplechase. Last year's Grand National winner was materially hampered by the sharp turns. Half a mile from home it was clear that he had no chance of winning, so Ted Leader did not drive him right out to the end. The chances are that Sprig will reverse these placings with The Coyote when they meet again at Liverpool, but I am not among those who have already made up their minds that the French horse is an impossible proposition for the Grand National.

### *A Flat Lincoln*

UP to the present the prospects of the Lincolnshire Handicap have excited much less public interest than those for the big steeplechase. I assume this is largely due to the fact that the entry for the Lincoln race is of a very humdrum description. It contains few horses likely to kindle the imagination of the racing community. Priory Park, Fohanaun, and Orbindos are seasoned performers between whom it is exceedingly difficult to discriminate so far as their Lincoln weights are concerned. My own choice among the three would be Fohanaun, but he has the unfortunate characteristic of being rather slow to get into his stride, and those who back him for the race must take this point into consideration. Perhaps the most genuine candidate of all is The Mohawk, who is by no means badly handicapped on his best form, and has the advantage of being a horse who comes to hand early in the season.

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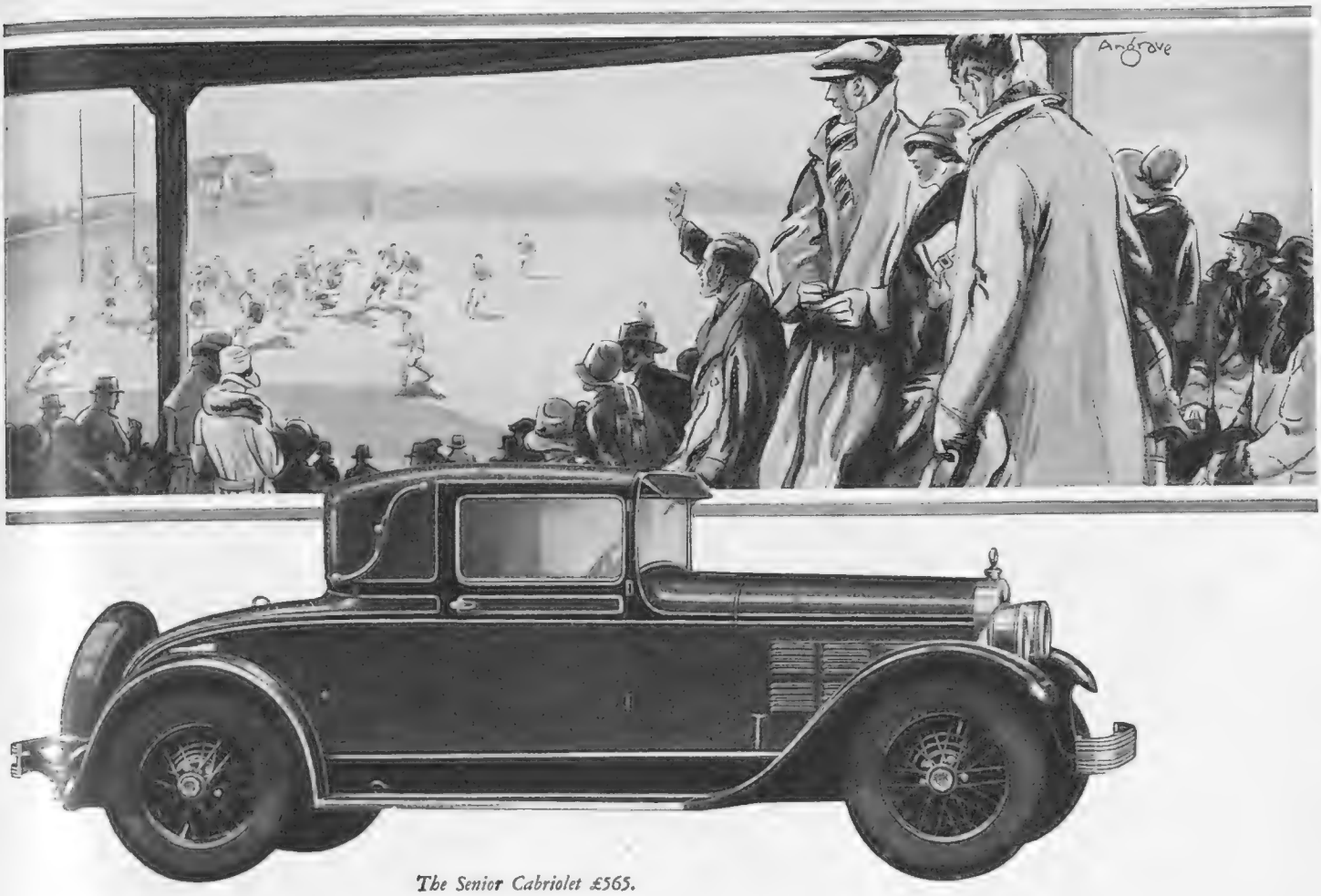


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# VARSITY NOTES

## OXFORD

THE death of Lord Oxford has removed the most distinguished University man of the generation, and his appearance will henceforth be known to Oxford men only by the portrait in Balliol Hall and the bust in the Union Debating Hall. On the day after the sad event the Master of University College, Sir Michael Sadler, moved a motion in the Union "that, in view of the death of Lord Oxford, this House do adjourn," and after a farewell speech by Dingle Foot the House stood for a few minutes in silence and then departed. The debate was postponed until the following Thursday.

The same Union Hall was recently used for a meeting of the Labour Club, which was addressed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. At the beginning of the term, the librarian, Shackleton Bailey, wished to close the Hall to all club meetings of this sort. But when the motion was put to the House the librarian was found to be in a minority of one. Which is, according to Michael Arlen, to be like the Almighty.

The crew has finished another week of hard work, and the conditions, for a change, have been more or less favourable. In the order of rowing, on the other hand, there has been no change, and it seems as if the present crew will be the same as that which you will be cheering at Mortlake a few weeks from now. We cheered to no purpose on the 18th, when, for the third time running, Cambridge beat us at hockey. Out of thirty-four matches, they have now won seventeen to our fourteen. And although the weather and the state of the ground were ideal they did not inspire us to achieve more than one goal. Our defence never found its form, and seemed inconsolable for the absence of G. H. Aldis at right half-back.

We also came off second best in the Soccer match against Northampton Nomads. But our side combined more effectively than before, and Lingelbach made them sit up just before half-time.

Unfortunately, once they had sat up we were unable to make them sit down again. I'm afraid I bear similar sad news about our recent golf and Rugger. In fact, I am beginning to resemble Lewis Casson as the inevitable messenger of woe in Euripides. For at golf we were unable to prevent a decisive win by a strong side at Sunningdale, and, in spite of trying to convert Roxburgh into a stand-off half, we went down before the Harlequins at Rugger.

Thus, if vulgarly practical standards are applied, we cannot be said to have had a glorious week!

JINGO.

BY JOCK

**RICHARD BEESLY**

**An Old Blue, who is rowing No. 4 in the Cambridge Boat this year**

## CAMBRIDGE

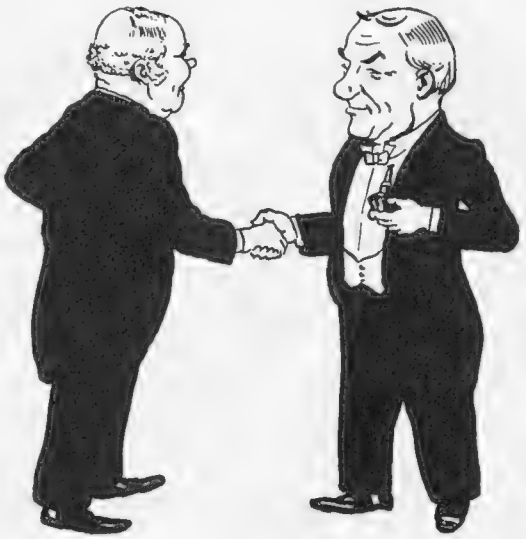
WE have now got to the seventh week of term. There are left only the University sports next week, and the Marlowe show for those who like their Elizabethan drama . . . and after that, you chaps, hurrah for the holidays!

The principal event of last week (apart from Mr. Gray's production of *Richard III* on Mappin Terraces twirled by turn-tables) was Mr. Chesterton's absence from the Union. A large crowd gathered to hear the Master's pronouncements on divorce; but, lo! when the President led in his troupe he was not among them. Still, we had Alan King-Hamilton as an understudy for the sick and absent sage, and all went as merry as a wedding bell.

Even though we lost our Chesterton, we have been keeping on well with our weekly dose of politicians. The other day we had Mr. Lloyd George up to dine with the Liberals, while the week-end before both Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain slipped quietly up to Cambridge. Mr. Baldwin ended up his week-end off by addressing a monster meeting of undergraduates in the Guildhall. Next Friday it is Lord Birkenhead's turn, and he will dine with the Conservatives, while for the end of term there was talk of Sir William Joynson-Hicks at the Union.

Cambridge, of course, does a good deal to make the Government what it is, for we have a host of representatives in the inner councils, and Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Bridgeman, and Sir Austen Chamberlain at their head. At Cambridge none of these three became President of the Union, and only Sir Austen Chamberlain took any large part in debates, and he became ultimately Vice-President. It is not recorded that Mr. Baldwin ever spoke at the Union, but it is certainly recorded that he was expelled from the Magpie and Stump, the Trinity Debating Society, for not having spoken there sufficiently often. However, when Mr. Baldwin became Prime Minister I believe that the magnanimous society crowned his triumph by restoring to him his membership.

There is a story about Mr. Baldwin which is, I believe, true, though I heard it in a Trinity Combination Room. Mr. Baldwin was apparently dining in Trinity about a year or so ago for some sort of college feast. There he met a contemporary of his at Cambridge, now vicar of a distant country parish and up in Cambridge for the day. The vicar came up to him, first eyed him suspiciously, and then broke into a smile. "Well, if it isn't old Baldwin," he said. "What are *you* doing nowadays?" RAB.



BY J. P. DONCASTER

**"AND WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING NOWADAYS?"**

# The Strenuous Side of Life

*Sport and General*

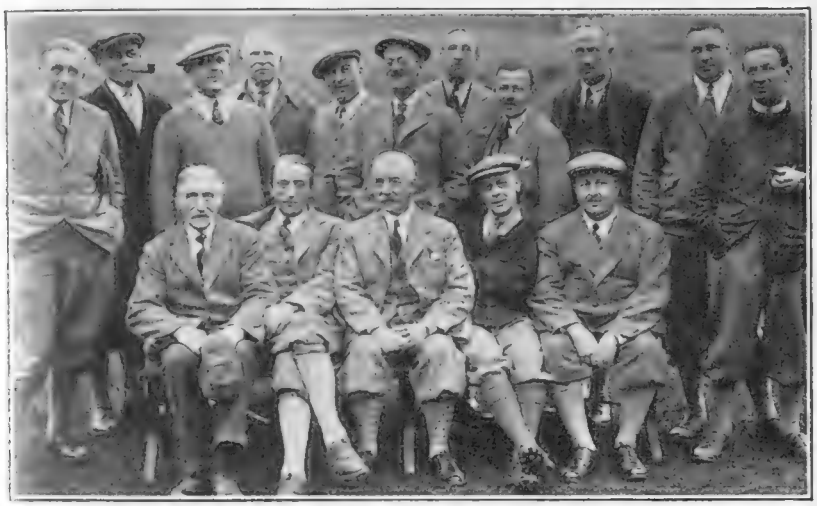
**A RECORD BREAKER**

**Mr. Bert Hinkler, the airman, who recently landed successfully in Australia after his flight from Croydon Aerodrome. His machine was an Avro-Avian with a 30/80 h.p. Cirrus engine, and he only took sixteen days from Croydon to Port Darwin**

*Sport and General*

**A KENTISH MEETING**

**A group of competitors photographed outside the clubhouse at Langley Park. This was on the occasion of the Foursome Tournament of the Kent Ladies' County Golf Club**



**THE HOUSE AT PLAY** *Fox Photos*

**A photograph of the two teams in the recent match between the House of Commons and the R.A.C. at Epsom. The group includes Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, Sir A. Shirley Benn, Col. Myddleton, Mr. Douglas Stephenson, Mr. E. T. Campbell, and Mr. Beverley Baxter. The House of Commons was beaten by 9 matches to 1**

*Photopress*

**A "WONDER" MAN AND CAR**

**Capt. Malcolm Campbell photographed in his wonder car, the "Napier Campbell," in which he recently broke the world's land record for speed at 206·95 m.p.h. The car is fitted with a Napier "Lion" aero engine, known to develop 875 h.p.**

*Norman May*

**A MIDLAND VICTORY**

**The Oxford University and Midland Golf teams which met on the new course at Malvern recently, the Midland team, which was collected by Mr. W. W. Lowe, winning by 3—2 in the Foursomes and 7—2 in the Singles, the remaining match ending all even. The photograph shows, standing: R. I. Sykes (left), M. R. Kittermaster, W. R. James, J. B. Beddow, H. W. Buckland, C. K. Knowles, C. A. Fiddian Green, I. Wilson Young, G. M. Adams, R. P. Humphries, S. G. Macgregor, and R. H. Baugh. Sitting are: C. Bretherton, F. W. Clive, D. H. R. Martin, Dr. W. Tweddell, W. W. Lowe, R. H. Oppenheimer, T. P. Perkins, F. S. Preston, W. Pearson, Major W. L. Foster, J. H. Taylor, and R. D. Mathieson**

# SHOW MORALS

## COULDN'T BE BETTER

By "THE KENNELMAN"

A JOLLY little Dog Show of the homelier type will be visited by many Londoners to-day (Wednesday), as well as by the doggy folk of Kent and Sussex, at Tunbridge Wells: the Assembly Rooms at the end of the Pantiles. Next Tuesday will bring the City and Suburban Canine Society's Annual Show at Holland Park: a notable function at which all Dogs will be benched and fed by Messrs. Spillers. Comments from readers of these Notes on Cruft's great Show include these:—

"Just upon ten thousand entries is indeed a wonderful record such as probably could be reached in no other country. Its analysis is a revelation of the universal and democratic hold that Dog-fancying has upon the British public. It is not only that, in addition to people like cottagers, gamekeepers, railway porters and small shopkeepers, the exhibitors' list includes such figures as the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Earls of Chesterfield and Donoughmore, and scores of celebrities; but also that in it you will find leading representatives of the Navy, Army, Civil Service, Law, Medicine, the Church, the Arts and Sciences, the Universities, Politics, 'Big Business,' Mayfair, the suburbs, the remotest villages and the provincial capitals—of every known walk in British life."

"It is curious that the African Hairless Dog, specimens of which were shown at Cruft's, should be called the 'Fever Dog' by some modern Egyptians, who believe that contact with him relieves fever. The same belief holds good of certain Dogs in South America, and in Shakespeare's day little Spaniels were known as 'Comforters' in our own country, because it was believed they had the trick of drawing out the various ailments of their human associates. Well, after all, there's no denying that thousands of them play the 'Comforter's' part to-day, and that they charm away the megrims in many an English home."

"The entry at Cruft's was as healthy in quality as in quantity: a tribute to the sanity of present-day tastes and habits and the English love of out-of-doors. Cockers easily at the head, 150 more than Alsatians; Labradors a close third; then Chows, Fox Terriers, Cairns, Pekingese, Sealyhams, English Springers, Retrievers, and so on, in that eminently healthy order. Couldn't be better!"

Among the Dog-foods the steady increase in the use of ship biscuits prepared for human consumption, such as Spillers' Cabin Biscuit, is evidence of the preference many breeders have for making the meat ration separate, and giving it in the form of fresh lean, preferably raw, meat. The makers of the famous liquid food, Lactol (Messrs. A. F. Sherley, 18, Marshalsea Road, S.E.1), doubtless had this in mind in the evolution of their Lactol Biscuits, which are retailed in 1s. 8d. packets and are said to "tempt the daintiest feeders," and to form an excellent "step-up" for weaners.

A real and perfectly appointed Nursing Home for Dogs in the heart of London, where every patient can be attended by his own Vet., and any prescribed treatment carried out by qualified experts! It sounds almost too good to be true, but well-authenticated rumour says we are shortly to have it. So mote it be!

# HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

### *Carried Away*

THERE was an exciting little incident with one of the Midland packs not long ago, when a well-known lady follower found herself unable to stop a newly purchased horse who up to that time had given her a pleasant gallop. To her dismay she found herself carried full tilt among the hounds. First one of the Joint-Masters and then the other hurled some strong language in her direction, but it was all to no purpose, for the horse was quite out of control. Eventually, when he might have been stopped with assistance, the lady declined any assistance. "Leave him to me!" she shouted, and continued to ride him round and round a big enclosure until he came to a voluntary standstill. Subsequently she said, "I felt I had to master him that time, or I should never have been safe on his back again." Since then the horse has proved a beautiful ride with the best of manners, and it can only be assumed that a former owner had tried hard to spoil his mouth. In the circumstances the fair rider's performance was one on which she is entitled to many congratulations.

### *Hard Words*

A CREED of the hunting field is that the M.F.H. must be allowed to have his say when hounds are being overpressed by an eager field. No matter how sharp his words of reproof, there must be no tart answering back. I notice that Lord Ernest Hamilton, writing in an American paper, refers to this characteristic of the English hunting field. He describes as "an extraordinary and semi-barbarous anachronism" the licence which M.F.H.s still think they hold, and apparently do hold, to blackguard those who hunt under their banner to any extent to which the state of their livers may incline them. This they may do without invoking the consequences that would inevitably follow anywhere but in the hunting field. Lord Ernest tells his readers that no one, no matter how exalted his position, is immune from this strange custom should he by chance offend against the unwritten laws of venery. Even Bishops and Cabinet Ministers who inadvertently ride over seeds have to bend their heads under the lash of language. Few hunting countries do not possess traditions of strong words of reproof used by exasperated M.F.H.s.

### *Filling the Gaps*

A FEW weeks ago I wrote that there was some doubt as to the future of the pack which has been in the hands of Viscount Tredegar and his family for a great many years. I am glad to know that arrangements have now been made by which these hounds will be carried on as usual next season. Mr. C. C. Williams, of Llanrumney Hall, is to join Lord Tredegar in the Mastership. It is satisfactory to note, too, that the future of the Fernie Hunt has been settled. Lord Stalbridge stands down, and Capt. Edmondstone goes into partnership with Major Harold Wernher. This arrangement means that the Market Harborough pack will now revert to the hands of a professional huntsman. From the Holderness country in Yorkshire comes the news that the gap caused by Colonel Stracey Clitherow's resignation is to be made good by the appointment of Major W. Newland Hillas, of Etton Hall, Beverley, who will serve as Joint-Master with Captain Adrian Bethell.

### *A Noble Painting*

ALFRED MUNNINGS' painting of the Kilkenny Hounds will rank as one of the masterpieces of this great sporting artist, and the facsimile which Messrs. Frost and Reed have just published is in every way worthy of the original. One does not know which to admire the most—those fine hounds representing the very embodiment of dash and drive, that grandly proportioned hunter on whom the M.F.H. sits so well, or the grouping of the whole with its glimpse of the stone walls which you meet in a typical Irish hunting country. The first state impression, signed by the artist, is published at six guineas, and is limited to 250 proofs.

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# From Our Portrait Gallery

Olga Bassett

MISS ISABEL BECKWITH

A portrait of the daughter of Major W. M. Beckwith, D.S.O., and Lady Muriel Beckwith. Her father was in the Coldstream Guards and her mother is the elder of the two daughters of the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon by his second marriage

LADY LLOYD *Bertram Park*

**The wife of Lord Lloyd, High Commander for Egypt and the Sudan. She will entertain Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles on their visit to Egypt next month**

# Femina

## A PESSIMIST ON HOUSES

By MRS. M. VINCE

No doubt Mr. Birnstingl is pessimistic of intent. He would like to shock people into realising the mistakes which are being made in the architecture, the decoration, and the furnishing of our houses by showing them an England of the future too awful to contemplate.

Even if you do not accept his picture of the future, you ought to read his criticism of the present in his book called "Lares et Penates, the Home of the Future," in the "To-day and To-morrow" series. The book is full of sound criticism, always clear and vigorous, and often witty. He hits out right and left. He attacks the passion for cheap houses, the passion for copying America, the passion for labour-saving, the passion for period-furnishing, and, above all, the methods by which industrialism encourages and exploits these passions, to its own advantage and the destruction of all grace and beauty.

And if we go on in this way, what is our home of the future to be? Mr. Birnstingl sees England swept bare of trees and covered with a layer of concrete, a single foundation for roads, paths, and buildings. He sees the houses themselves as no more than annexes for cooking and sleeping, attached to a garage; turned out from factories in standardised parts, so that any part can be ordered as required; reduced inside to the simplicity of a tiled bathroom in the interests of labour-saving; and serving simply as a protection against the weather, when the inhabitants are not rushing about in their cars. His final glimpse of the future shows us a strike of women caused by an attempt to introduce beauty into the home, an attempt which they fiercely resent as adding to their work.

That wild prophecy is intended as a joke—with a sting of truth in it. But in order to make it in any way plausible he has had to make one assumption which is wrong; which you can see is wrong by going into almost any house; by going into almost any furniture shop; by reading almost any paper. It is true, as he says, that many women have allowed themselves to be exploited by makers of labour-saving devices, but it is not true that in our houses women are "denying the need for beauty as an integral part of daily life."

On the contrary, there never has been a time when women, and in particular the women who live in the small houses, were more interested in trying to make their homes beautiful. The increasing number of articles in the papers on house decoration shows it. The increasing number of papers principally devoted to the house and its furnishing shows it. The popularity of the exhibitions of furnished rooms shows it. Even the desire for period-decorating and cheap imitations of antiques, which Mr. Birnstingl rightly criticises, shows it. This desire has nothing whatever to do, as he suggests, with the growth of a new historical sense. However much it may have been perverted, it is still the result of a desire for beauty—on the part of a public which has saved itself the trouble of judging by assuming that whatever the past made in the way of furniture *must* be beautiful.

When Mr. Birnstingl writes as if labour-saving were gradually reducing the inside of the Englishman's home to the bare appearance of a sanatorium, one cannot help suspecting that he visits exhibitions, looks at plans, even goes into houses—when they are empty; but that he hardly ever goes into a furnished and inhabited house. If he did, what would strike him about the average small English house would be, not that it had been emptied of all comfort and beauty in order to save labour, but that it remains uncomfortable, crowded with useless things which, however ugly he may think them, can only be there because their owners think them beautiful.

By denying the desire for beauty Mr. Birnstingl has not only altered facts to help his pessimistic prophecy, but has lost an opportunity of much useful criticism. For what is pitiful is that so many houses are full of ugliness which has been mistaken for beauty. What we need is not the desire for beauty, but the knowledge of what *is* beautiful.

Of what purpose, Mr. Birnstingl asks, is a china figure? And what could be uglier than a portable oil-stove? He asks these questions because the Englishwoman of his theory would prefer the oil-stove, however ugly, since it is useful, to the china figure, however beautiful, since it is useless. Whereas the real Englishwoman is much more likely to be so ashamed of the ugliness of the oil-stove that she will be persuaded to buy one which, though it may not burn so well, has been ingeniously disguised to look like a china figure.

*Raphael*

A WELL-KNOWN AUTHORESS

**Oliver Sandys (Mrs. W. P. Lovell), whose latest book, "Vista the Dancer," is being published by Hurst and Blackett in March. Her grandfather, Commander Chapman, was the last officer who served on the Victory**

(Copyright: Virol Ltd.) ANDREA MIJINSKA (Photo by Lenare)

The famous dancer and model to Epstein.

# How a famous model preserves her Beauty

*"I RELY UPON Virol-and-Milk for the necessary vigour in my exacting work. It is splendid because it relieves the physical and nervous strain without spoiling the figure by putting on superfluous flesh."*

(*Signed*) ANDREA MIJINSKA.

VIROL-AND-MILK gives three kinds of Beauty—

*Beauty of face and expression,* because Virol-and-Milk banishes the "worn look" which comes from nerves. *Virol-and-Milk is the special food for nerves.*

*Beauty of figure,* because Virol-and-Milk tones up the physique and strengthens the muscles without adding useless weight.

*Beauty of complexion,* because Virol-and-Milk, taken instead of too much "heating food," softens and beautifies the skin.

If you wish to get rid of nerve strain, to be lithe and supple for dancing, to have a clear head for work—take Virol-and-Milk at 11a.m. or for lunch, and again at bedtime.

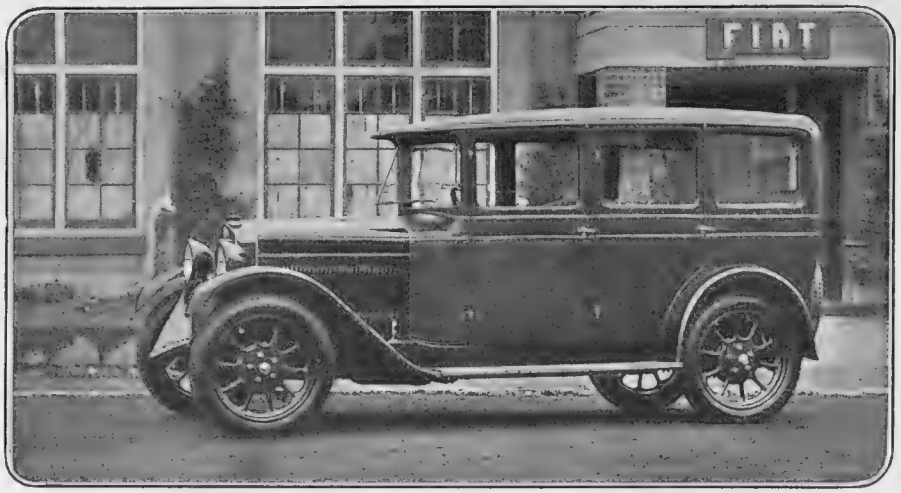
**VIROL AND MILK**

IN GOLDEN POWDER

Virol-and-Milk is sold in Tins 2/-, 3/9; Family size, 8/6. You simply add Hot (not boiling) water to the Golden Powder. No extra cost for milk.

VIROL LTD., LONDON, W.5.

*Beautiful large sepia toned photographic prints (unmounted) of the original of above picture may be purchased, post free, at 10/6 per copy on application to Virol Ltd., Ealing, London, W.5, mentioning Photo No. 2.*




**THE FIAT 9 H.P. SALOON**

**The British-built Weymann Saloon now available on the popular 9 h.p. Fiat chassis. This model is priced at £250 complete**

# MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

FEW small cars have attracted more favourable attention at their inception than did the 9 h.p. Fiat. In addition to being modern from radiator cap to rear axle, it has succeeded in reproducing on a small scale the proportions of a big car. In fact, it is on this account that I personally feel that the saloon coachwork with which it has been fitted did not, in its proportions and lines, maintain the promise of the chassis. In so far as this can be called a criticism, Messrs. Fiat (England), Ltd., have already answered it. They have recently introduced an English-built Weymann saloon, with four doors, six lights, a single pane windscreen, and figured cloth upholstery. There is plenty of leg room and head room, and excellent visibility from all seats, but perhaps the most remarkable feature of this new saloon, which sells at £250 complete, is the unusually high class of interior finish. The interior is replete with silk blinds, silk rope pulls and door pulls, highly polished walnut panelling and silk cord piping all round the upholstery. Thus, while the performance makes it fully a man's car, its ease of control and the cosy and attractive interior of this latest body will invest the car with a new appeal to the ladies.

WHATEVER the claims on second-hand purchase as the most economical form of motoring, there are keen and discriminating motorists who will not have anything to do with a car that has been owned by someone else. They feel that, apart from what may have happened to the car in its former owner's hands, they have no interest in a vehicle that has not been "run in" according to their ideas. They like to be able to account for every mile it has done since it left the works. These are the sort of owners—and I certainly do not blame them—who will not even let anyone else fetch the car from the works in the first place. But, when the permissible outlay on the car is limited, and will not purchase the particular make or model of car desired, what are these highly sensitive souls to do? Usually they have to be content with the car at their particular figure. But there is best they can get in the shape of a new a way out by which they can buy new cars at second-hand prices, and I often wonder why it is not more widely resorted to.

* * *

AT the end of every season, in September of the year, there are usually a few cars which, with the advent of the new


DOUBT would mean DANGER!

Don't endanger yourself by leaving the other fellow in doubt. Fit an "A.S." Direction Indicator to your car and be certain of giving clear, definite signals.

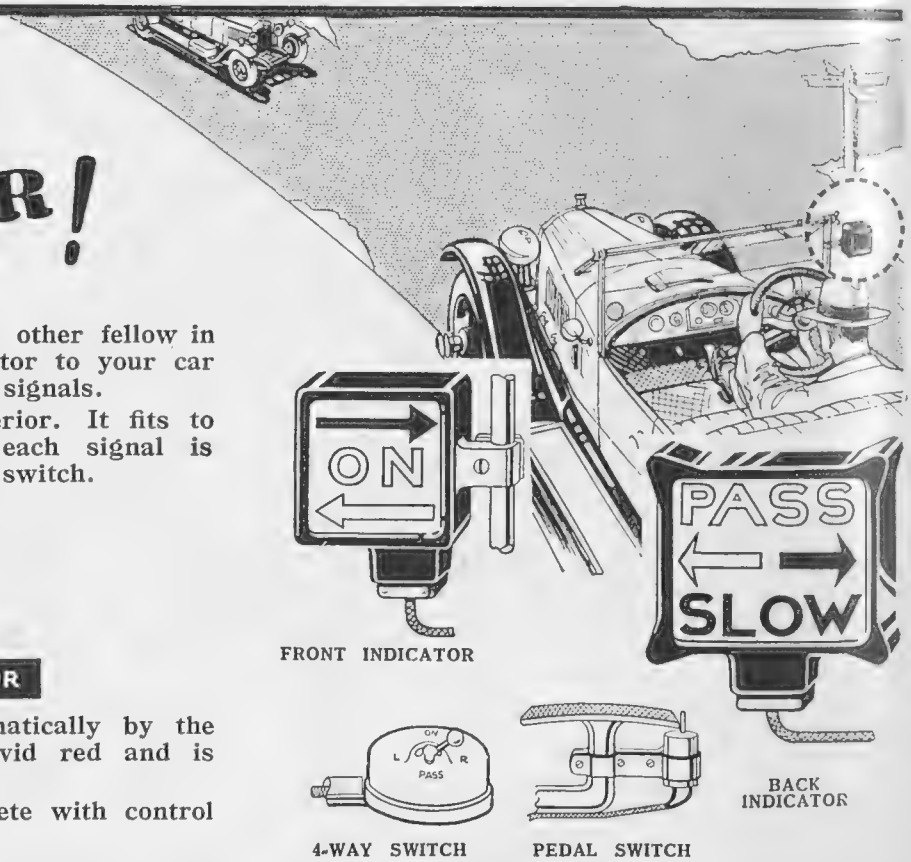
The "A.S." Indicator is vastly superior. It fits to both back and front of car, and each signal is controlled by a four-way steering arm switch.

ALL-WAYS SAFE A S SIGNALS
DIRECTION INDICATOR

The slow signal is operated automatically by the foot brake. The signal flashes in vivid red and is invisible until operated.

Order from your local garage. Complete with control ready for easy fitment to your car.

PRICE 55/- COMPLETE.




ANGLO-SPHINX ENGINEERING CO., LTD., SUTHERLAND WORKS, SHORT ROAD, CHISWICK, W.4.
'Phone: Chiswick 4611.

# Owner's Praise

I might say I have owned several makes of cars during the last 20 years but have never liked one better than I do the Riley.

E A.

Yorkshire. 21.1.28.

She has more than fulfilled my expectations and for a 9 h.p. car she is simply marvellous. Having had an 11·9 car previously (a 2-seater) I was naturally dubious as to whether a car of 3 h.p. less would be equal to the task of a 4-seater, but with the four speed gear I find she is more than a match for my 11·9 car. In fact the hills I used to drop down to first speed for I now do in second.

Devonshire. A.N.B.

I feel I must write to you to show my appreciation for having given me the pleasure of driving, and the pride of owning the best car I have ever sat in. However I raved about it could not convey the pleasure derived from it, or my admiration of it. It truly is a 'Wonder Car.''

Oxfordshire. E.W. B-H.

Riley

# The Riley Nine

The "Monaco" Saloon, £298

RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD.

COVENTRY,

and 42 North Audley St., London, W. 1.

# Malcolm Campbell put his trust in Wakefield Castrol

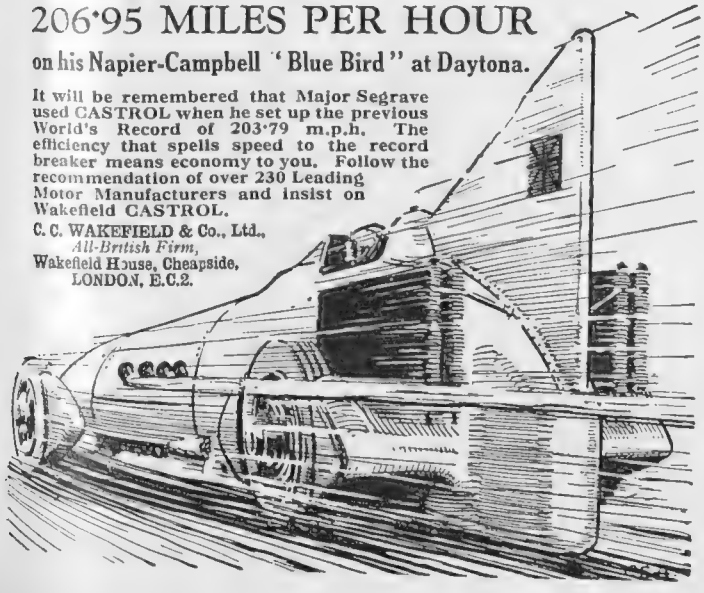
when he achieved the highest speed ever attained on land by breaking World's Record at

206·95 MILES PER HOUR

on his Napier-Campbell 'Blue Bird" at Daytona.

It will be remembered that Major Segrave used CASTROL when he set up the previous World's Record of 203·79 m.p.h. The efficiency that spells speed to the record breaker means economy to you. Follow the recommendation of over 230 Leading Motor Manufacturers and insist on Wakefield CASTROL.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & Co., Ltd.,
*All-British Firm,*
Wakefield House, Cheapside,
LONDON, E.C.2.



# Humber

ASK FOR DETAILS OF THE FAMOUS
**"14/40" SALOON**
**Price £555**

ENCLOSED AND OPEN TOURING CARS:
20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. and 14/40 H.P. and 9/20 H.P. 4-cyl.
Prices from **£250** to **£995**
Four Wheel Brakes Standard.
*Fully descriptive Art Catalogue gratis on request.*

HUMBER LTD.,
COVENTRY.
LONDON:
*West End Showrooms:*
94, New Bond Street, W.1.
*Export Branch Office:*
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.
*Repair Works and Service Depot:*
Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6.

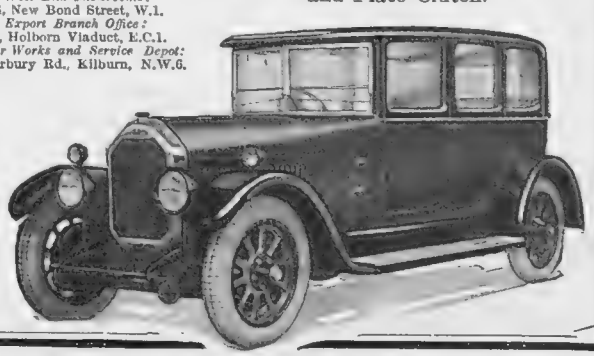
## The Queenly Car

THE Car Superb! Beautiful in line, luxuriously comfortable — the Humber "20/55" Saloon truly deserves the epithet "Queenly."

The air of refinement and distinction reflected in every Humber model is attained by supreme quality of workmanship.

Smooth-running, powerful, grace and dignity personified; that is the Humber "20/55" Saloon—the Queenly Car.

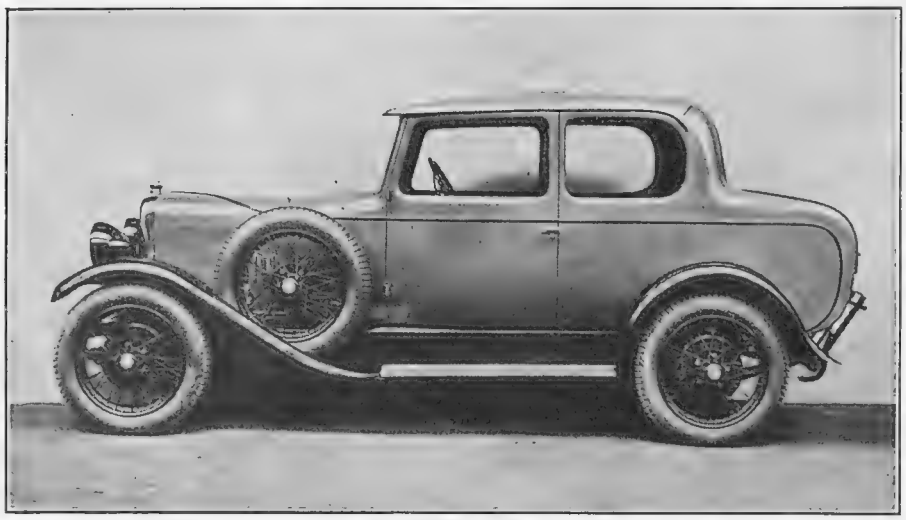
**20/55 H.P. 6-cyl. SALOON**
(seating 5 persons)
Equipped with Four Wheel Brakes and Plate Clutch.



season's models at that time, become "last year's" cars. Under the rules of the various trade organisations they must be called "shop-soiled," but are, of course, in fact new. The trade rules allow these cars to be sold at clearance prices, and amongst the bigger dealers you may often come across excellent bargains under this heading. For instance, Henlys, Ltd., often have attractive bargains of this kind. Last week Mr. H. G. Henly showed me a 1927 Hillman five-seater (of which the present version costs £295) being offered by him at £225. Similarly, an 18-55 h.p. six-cylinder Talbot of last year's vintage, which was listed at round about £850, was for sale brand new, but shop-soiled, at £450.

***

By the way, Henlys, Ltd., have just opened a department at No. 6, Fitzroy Square, W., for the purchase of cars for cash. It is possible to obtain cash quickly from the trade for practically any make of car, but the prices offered are usually so ridiculous that no motorist not in desperate straits would think of going near such places. Of course, the private motorist has to realise that dealers cannot buy a car at the full market price. They have to make a profit on it in order to show a profit after the oncosts on the deal have been added to the cash paid for the car. It has to be marketed at a higher price than the dealer pays for it. Thus you must not expect to stumble upon a hidden gold mine when you go to sell a car for cash to the trade.



A DOCTOR'S CAR

**An Alvis Saloon which has recently been delivered to a West Country doctor. It contains a special compartment to carry all the medical instruments and an operating table**

***

At the same time, there is reason in all things, and after inspecting some of Henly's transactions, at their new place in Fitzroy Square, I consider the actual offers they make very reasonable in the circumstances. There is one advantage in going to this depot, and that is, that if you intend buying another car later on, but want to raise some money on your present car, you can obtain a substantial part of the allowance Henlys' make you for it, and a credit note for the rest against the new car. This is a plan of which many clients have taken advantage. Whatever one decides to do, one naturally expects to obtain a better allowance for the car, whether in cash or not, if one intends to buy another.

***

The Automobile Association is endeavouring, on behalf of British visitors to Belgium, to obtain exemption from taxes on motor cars and motor cycles. The matter has been placed officially before the Belgian Government for their sympathetic consideration.

E. M. Wright.

By Appointment.

*To the man who insists on good clothes*

Bernard Weatherill Ltd. have the reputation for satisfying the man who demands good clothes and sees that he gets them. In cut, style and finish each garment embodies that indescribable "something" which has made the West End famous for men's fashions.

If you are difficult to please we venture to suggest that your quest for a good tailor will end here.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lounge Suits from | 6 gns. |
| Dinner Jacket Suits from | 10 gns. |
| Plus Four Suits from | 7 gns. |
| Overcoats from | 6 gns. |

Bernard Weatherill Ltd

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

*Also at 81, Cannon Street, E.C.4. Birmingham: 39, Cannon Street.*

BRANCHES AT ASCOT, ALDERSHOT, CAMBERLEY.

Buy your set of K.L.G's in the new spares tin

Recommended Types:
For the Austin, Essex, Humber, Singer, Bean, etc., Type J1. For the Morris-Oxford and Morris-Cowley, Type G 2 (long reach). For the Rolls-Royce, Type KIR. 24/- The Set of Four.

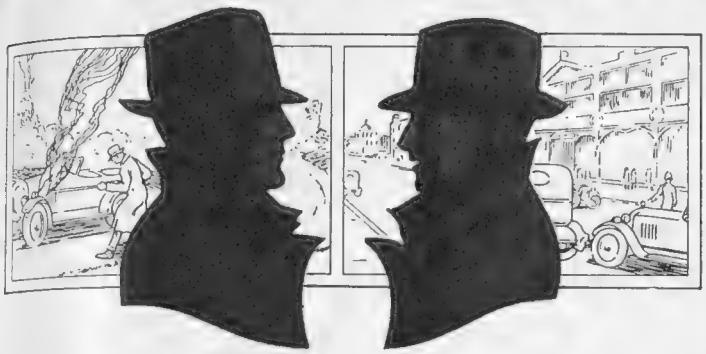
"Fit and Forget"

K·L·G

SPARKING PLUGS

K.L.G. Works, Putney Vale, London, S.W.15. Telephone: Putney 2132-3
Sole Export Agents: Messrs. S. Smith & Sons (M.A.), Ltd., Cricklewood, N.W.2.

# Talks on Safer-Motoring—No. 1



*1st Motorist:* "Didn't expect you in the car."

*2nd Motorist:* "Oh! Why, old man?"

"Well, Dick told me you had her on fire yesterday."

"He'd heard only half the story. Sudden as it was, that fire never stood a chance. You see last week-end I bought a 'PYRENE' Fire Extinguisher. Jolly lucky too! We were umpteen miles from anywhere when she caught fire."

"Not so much luck as forethought. I must get one."

"I hear a fellow backed into your bus the other day. Do much damage?"

"None, thanks. I haven't yet bought one of their Fire Extinguishers, but I did get the Garage to fit her up with 'PYRENE' Bumpers last week."

"Guess I'll do the same. If our accidents had been reversed we'd both have lost our 'No claims' rebate."

*Standard Model*



*New Junior Model for Light Cars*

IMPROVED Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

The Pyrene Fire Extinguisher has a hand-operated double-acting pump which projects instantly a powerful fire-killing jet—it does not depend upon maintained pressure. Very easily operated at any angle and with any side up.

***Write for Folder By/F.***

PRICES: **Standard Model,** filled and complete. Polished Brass, **55/-.** Nickel or Black plated, **60/-. Junior Model** for light cars. Nickel plated finish only, filled and complete . . . . . **35/-**

**BUY FROM YOUR GARAGE**

Pyrene TRADE MARK **BUMPERS**

*"The Bumper with the Leaf Spring Buffer"*

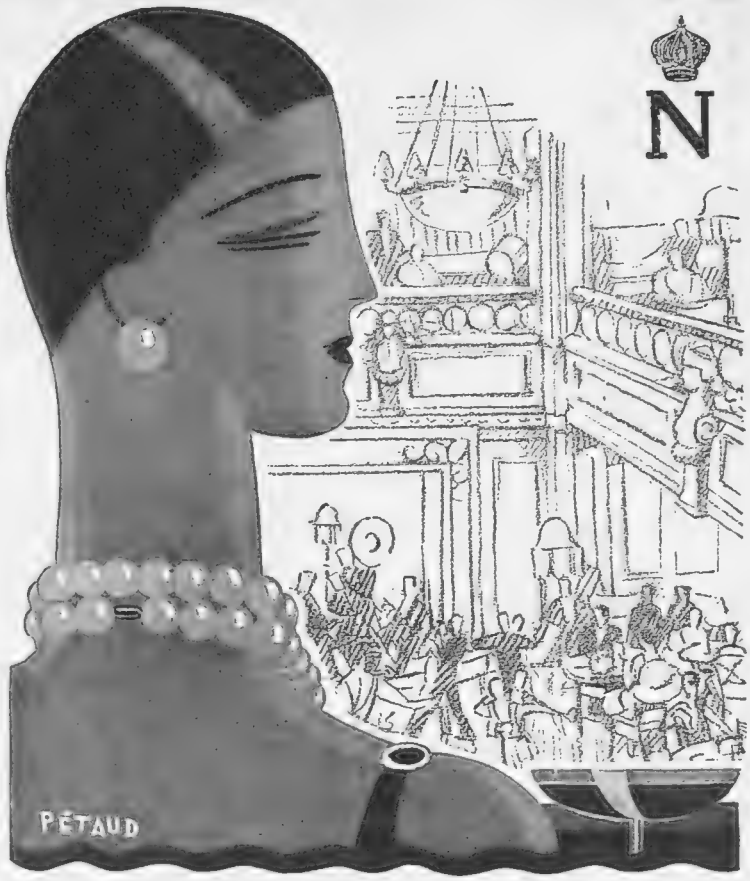
PYRENE BUMPERS are scientifically designed to minimise the danger of accidents. Handsomely finished in nickel and black. Three sizes to suit cars of various weights. Fender guards to match for rear.

***Write for Folder By/B.***

**Prices from £3 10 0 each. BUY FROM YOUR GARAGE**

**THE PYRENE COMPANY LTD., 9, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1**

*Telephone: Victoria 8592 (4 lines). Telegrams: "Pyrenextin, Sowest, London."*




# at the CAFÉ ROYAL

**GALA NIGHTS every Wednesday. Make a note of it. Dancing in the magnificent new Louis XVI Restaurant.**

BARRIE OLIVER

*"LONDON'S BOY FRIEND"—the lad with a style of his own in Hot Songs and Dances. The Filleted Soul: the leading Baltimore Dancer.*

**There is perfect dance music by *Hal Swain and his Band* . . . syncopation by the Grand Organ played by Mr. *Oliphant Chuckerbutty*, B.Mus., F.R.C.O. (this will amaze you) . . . Monsieur Henri Leoni, the celebrated Tenor, in Song. *THESE ATTRACTIONS ARE HERE EVERY NIGHT.***

**Luncheon and Dinner are served without music. *Diner Dansant* from 9 o'clock till two . . and remember Wednesday is a Gala Night. Sundays are never dull at the Cafe Royal. Mr. Oliphant Chuckerbutty at the incomparable Organ. No Restaurant in London can offer such variety and such attractions. Cafe Royal cooking is renowned throughout the world. The wine is from the finest cellars in the land.**

REGENT STREET

*at Piccadilly Circus*

*Telephone:* Gerrard 1223-4-5-6-7, and 5373-4-5-6-7.

# For Youth

EAGER, responsive youth is expressly studied by these two new Emile creations. Curls turning upwards from the crown of the head are provocative, while the side tip and the two softly turned curls in the second coiffure are points of importance.

EMILE
*Of Conduit Street* LTD.

***Permanent Waving—Postiche***
***: : —Hair Tinting : :***

Write for illustrated brochure or 'phone Mayfair 6263 (3 lines) for appointment.

EMILE LTD.,
24 & 25, CONDUIT ST., W.1.

## Novel Beauty Hints

By MIMOSA.

I can heartily recommend most of the following home-made prescriptions as being unsurpassed for the purposes specified. Any chemist should be able to supply you. At least I know personally that such ingredients may be obtained from most firms who will also fill orders by post. Insist on having exactly what you ask for, and do not be swerved from your purpose.

"Bust Development."—Coconoids contain the proteins necessary to stimulate the ineffective glands, and speedily energise them into renewed life and vigour. By this means and at little cost the flattest figure may be transformed into one of graceful curves.

"Advice About Hair."—You say your hair is falling out, has lost its colour, and is dry and brittle. Before anything else is undertaken give your hair a good shampoo with stallax; dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, and wash the hair and scalp thoroughly. As your hair is naturally dry, you should rub plenty of olive oil into the scalp before washing. You may also make the most beneficial hair tonic by dissolving an ounce of pure boranium in a quarter of a pint of bay rum, rubbing it well into the scalp with a good stiff massage after the shampoo is rinsed off. Brush your hair thoroughly each night.

"Discarding Face Powder."—An ounce of cleminite dissolved in four ounces of water makes an excellent finishing lotion. A little of this applied to the face lasts for hours, giving a natural, velvety whiteness until washed off. You can feel perfectly secure under the most trying conditions if you adopt this plan and discard powders altogether.

"Removing Old Skin."—You must realise that in time the skin is bound to become more or less permanently sluggish and faded. The only real remedy is to actually remove the stifling outer veil of sluggish skin, in order to give the fresh complexion underneath a chance. Pure Mercolized Wax has remarkable absorptive properties, causing the worn-out skin to flake off very gradually in about ten days. The process is not noticeable, and if you will use this method you will find that your beautiful skin is still there, having been only covered up. The Mercolized Wax is applied at night, like cold cream. An ounce or two will do.

"Deodorant Necessary."—Use a little powdered pergol. Applied to the affected parts, it entirely nullifies the unpleasant odour of perspiration, without clogging the pores.

"Cultivating Eyelashes."—Apply a little mennaline each night to the eyebrows and lashes. This greatly stimulates the growth, and each hair will be soft and glossy. Another good idea is to use a soft eyebrow brush on the brows and lashes after powdering the face, to remove the powder from them.

"Run Down."—Functional slackness—when the organs are even the merest trifle "out of balance"—is the root cause of a host of ills—nervous and digestive. There is no need to take drastic measures. Nine times out of ten you simply need a gentle tonic which will stimulate your weakened power of nutrition. Iron-Ox tiny tonic tablets is the ideal remedy.

"Disfiguring Hair Growths."—Do not risk it! Just use sipolite. Get about half an ounce from the chemist, and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water and apply direct to the superfluous hair, which will quickly disappear.

"Discarding Rouge."—The rouge you wrote of is a trifle hard, I think, not blending well with the skin. I do not approve of rouge under any circumstances. Why not try colliandum? It produces the human tint better than rouge, and blends into the skin in a way that defies detection.

"Fashionable Figure."—Clynol Berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. Get a few from your chemist and take as directed.


**Antexema**
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

A cooling, liquid cream for eczema, rashes, pimples chaps, skin irritation, etc. Instant Relief. 1/3 and 3/- pots. Supplied the world over. Estab. 1885

*Why go*
*Grey?*
HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **2/6** or direct:—

***HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.***

**ANDRÉ HUGO**

*SPECIALIST IN ALL BRANCHES OF HAIR WORK,*

will be found a reliable counsellor to ladies who are undecided about their coiffure and kindly favour him with a visit. Advice gratis.

**No Daintier Coiffure than a "LA MERVEILLEUSE"**

**Transformations from 12 Gns.**
**Fronts only - from 4 Gns.**

**PERMANENT STEAM WAVING AT**

**ANDRÉ HUGO'S**

By the latest scientific method, in which no electric heaters are used.

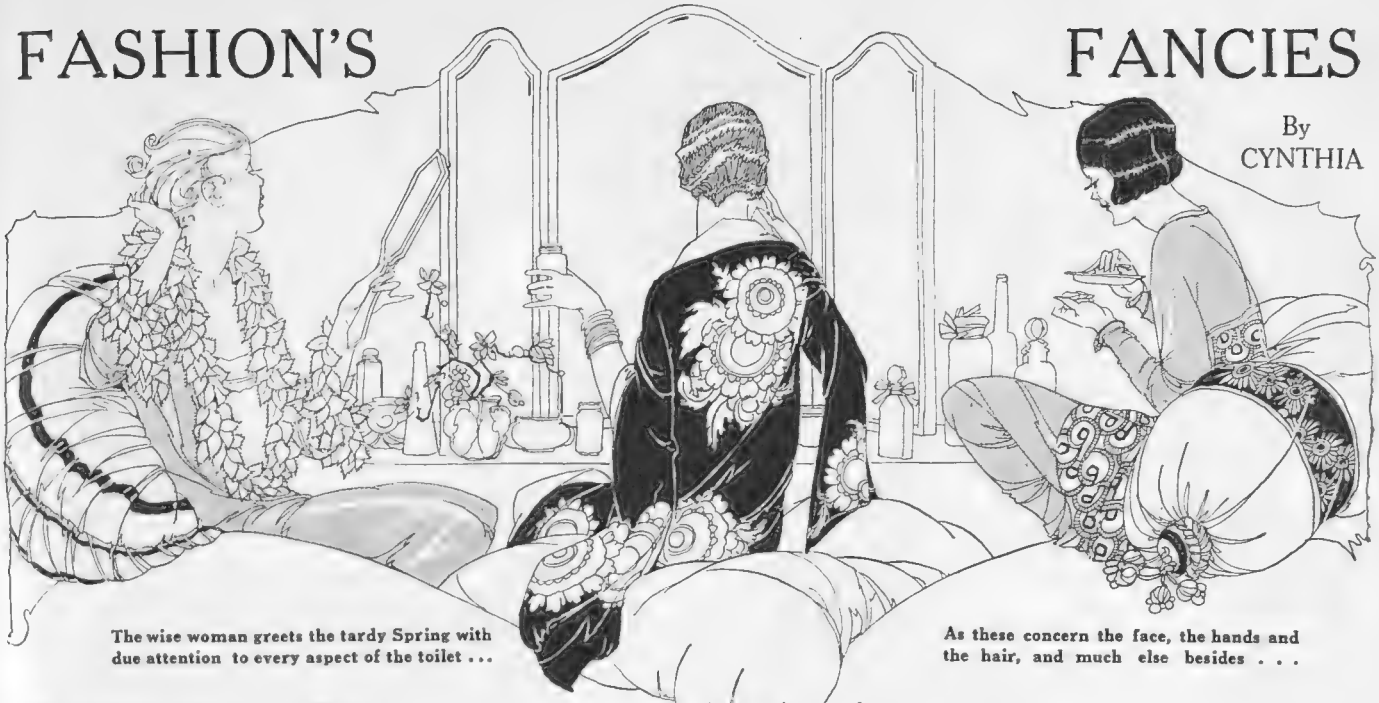
**CHARGES FROM 2 TO 6 GNS.**

*A Painless Process with a most Fascinating Result.*

180 SLOANE ST., LONDON.

# FASHION'S FANCIES

By CYNTHIA



The wise woman greets the tardy Spring with due attention to every aspect of the toilet . . .

As these concern the face, the hands and the hair, and much else besides . . .

### *The Beauty Side of "La Mode"*

SPRING is almost here, the atmosphere is getting clearer, the sun can reasonably be expected to shine, well sometimes, at any rate, and the sun, warmly as he is welcomed, has often an unpleasant little habit of showing up various imperfections of the complexion, likewise the hair. And as to the figure, that, with new clothes in view, is all-important, too. The latest Paris creations will most assuredly fail in effect, if My Lady's whole aspect is not *bien soignée*—her silhouette correct in line—her complexion fresh and clear—her coiffure according to *La Mode's* latest decree—her nails perfectly manicured—her teeth healthy and white—all her toilet accessories daintily perfumed with a scent that is in keeping with her own fragrant personality. It is true, indeed, of modern woman that "Age cannot wither her," for all the scientific discoveries of modern times ally with her in maintaining her charms and good looks not only through youth and middle age, but even into so-called old age itself, and every day that passes, some new light is thrown on the science of beauty culture.

### *The Face*

MUCH water has flowed under the bridge since women were heard to declaim proudly that their faces never received any attention save soap and water twice a day! A certain lady is reported to have said that to a pert granddaughter, and the answer (most reprehensible, of course!) was, "look at it now!" In any case, the present generation, whether grandmothers or granddaughters, are beginning to understand that to maintain a good complexion, especially in view of the outdoor life led to-day, it is absolutely essential to look after the skin—using skin foods, soothing lotions, astringents, etc., as these are necessary. Dry skins, greasy skins, enlarged pores, blackheads and all others ills to which the complexion is heir!—there is no need to sit down under any one of these, for there are cures all ready to hand. For the complexions that have, so to speak, been "let go" even a little skilled treatment, as carried out by the modern beauty parlour, is most valuable, with cleansing, steaming, vibration, violet rays, etc., scientifically employed. Unruly eyebrows can be trimmed, light eyelashes tinted, and superfluous hair, that bane of modern womanhood, removed painlessly, rapidly, and safely by divers means.

### *The Use and Abuse of Make-up*

MAKE-UP, radically essential in modern life, both as an aid to beauty and as protection, must, needless to say, be employed artistically. There are many shades of powder, even many shades of rouge, and every woman can quite easily come by the one that is suited to her own particular colouring. Some women know instinctively how to improve *just* a little on Nature, others just as instinctively overdo things, and the latter would be well advised to take a lesson from a professional.

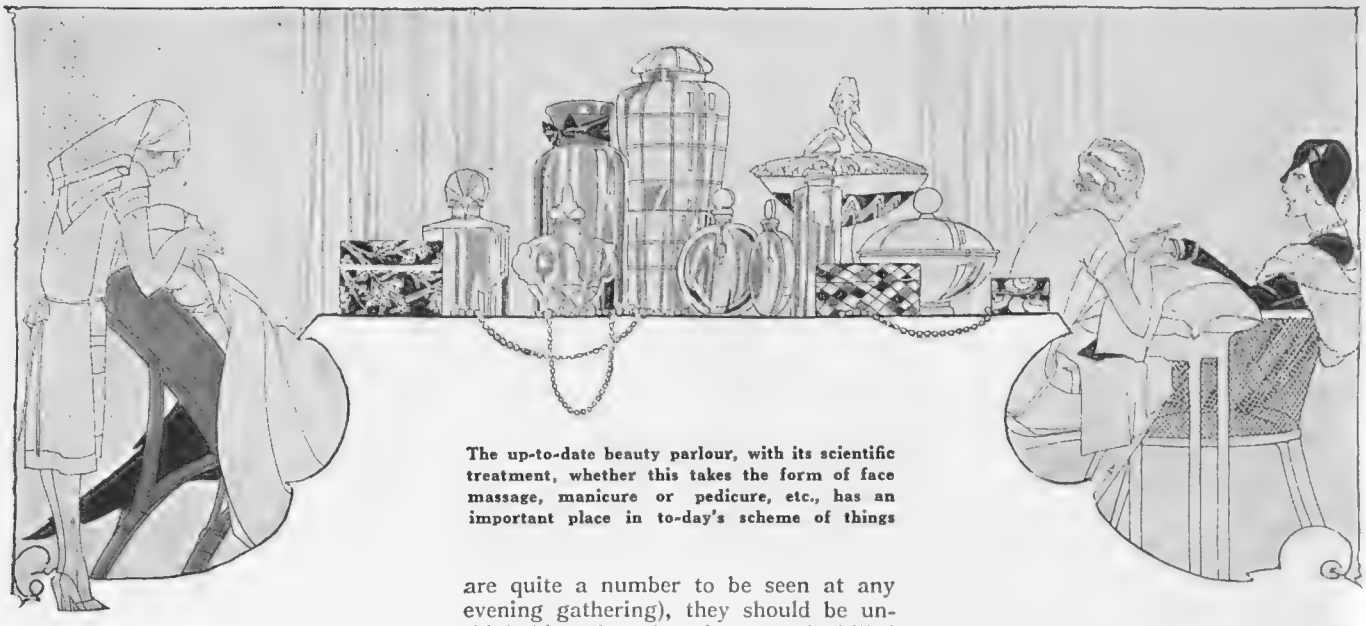
### *The Hands*

WELL-KEPT hands, so indicative of a well-ordered mind! are more important than many women realise, and, needless to say, should be subjected to just as regular treatment as the face, supplemented from time to time by a visit to a professional manicurist. And, talking of hands, what about arms? A nightly massage with cream will do wonders

Every dainty toilet accessory, perfume, powder, bath salts, etc. . . .

. . . should be chosen with a view to enhancing the fragrance of the user's personality

ANNE ROCHESTER



The up-to-date beauty parlour, with its scientific treatment, whether this takes the form of face massage, manicure or pedicure, etc., has an important place in to-day's scheme of things

towards keeping them soft and white, for, especially in the case of the sports girl, they often mar the effect of an otherwise attractive evening toilette. And the feet. Walking and dancing in discomfort (and quite a number of women do) are not only painful but make for an ugly expression.

***The Hair***

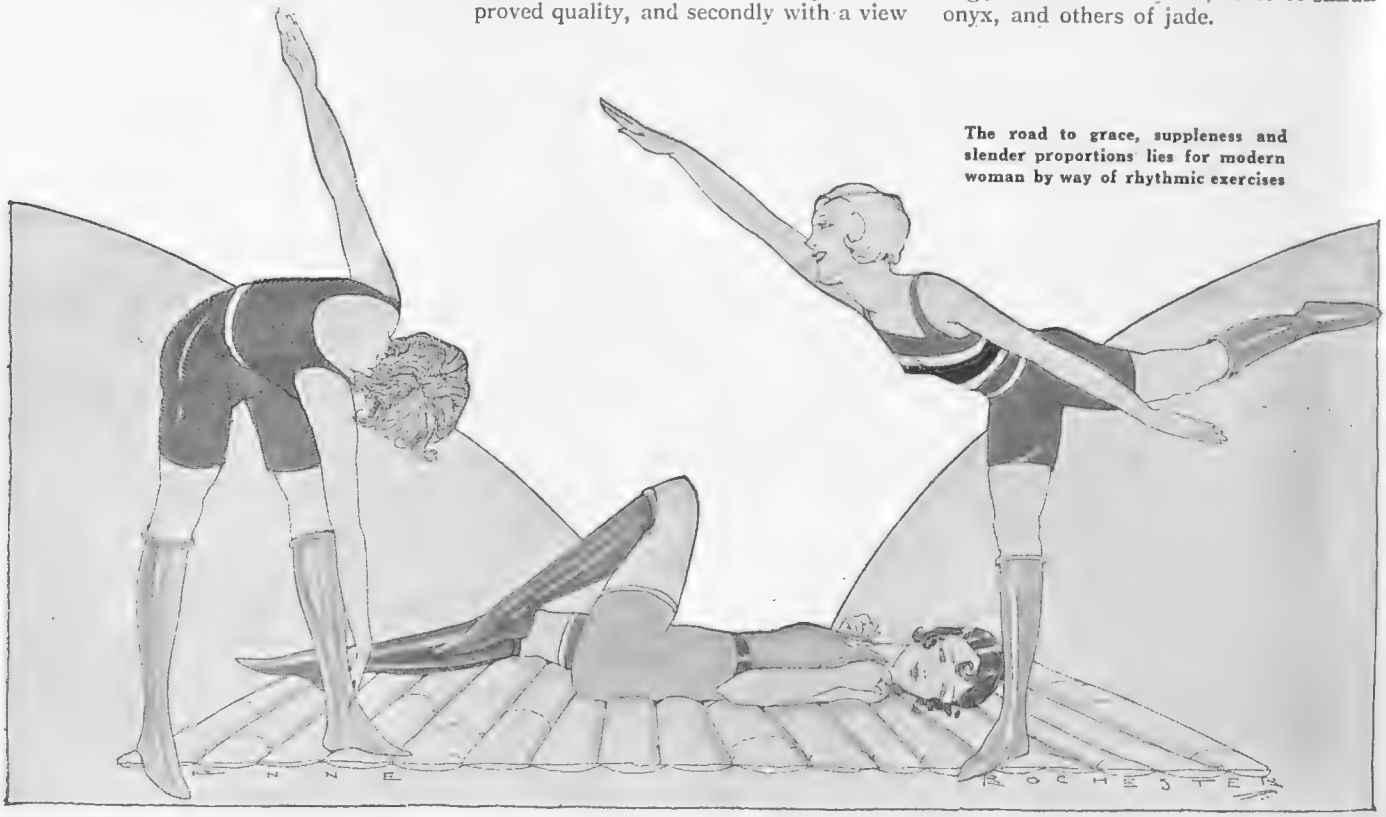
WOE betide the women who, with either long or short hair, having arrived at what they consider a satisfactory state of things, "leave it at that." Coiffure fashions change just as rapidly as fashions in frocks (shingles at the moment are, for instance, reacting to the feminine note in dress), and an old-fashioned coiffure bespeaks a very unsatisfactory state of mind indeed. As for an untidy, ill-kempt head (there are quite a number to be seen at any evening gathering), they should be unthinkable when there is so much skilled advice at hand, not only as to the arrangement of the hair, but also as to the treatment of the scalp, etc.

***The Figure***

THE fashionable figure, however some of us may deplore the fact, is built on slim lines, but there is nothing but thankfulness in the realisation of the fact that by means of rhythmic exercises, each one of which has a different function, dieting and other scientific methods of weight reducing, slender proportions are within everyone's reach.

***Toilet Preparations—***

SOAP, bath-salts, perfumes, scent and all the other "daintinesses" that go to make the toilet of the up-to-date woman the fragrant thing it is! Just any sort *won't* do! They should be chosen first of all because they are of proved quality, and secondly with a view to the perfume they exude being entirely expressive of the user's personality. Toilet preparations should, if possible, be chosen *en suite*, so that the odours do not clash; perfume sachets that exude the same scent should be sewn into frocks and laid among lingerie. And, what is more, perfumes should be chosen with a view to type. A fresh flower scent, for instance, is happily associated with some women; others again are best served by the elusive and mysterious; certain types seem to require for their best expression the Eastern and exotic. There should be Art in all things and the art of perfuming well repays study. There are fashions in perfumes as in all else, each year bringing its own particular scent. And containers are as lovely as the perfumes they imprison, whether they are intended for My Lady's dressing table, travelling case, or handbag; some are of crystal, some of simuli onyx, and others of jade.



The road to grace, suppleness and slender proportions lies for modern woman by way of rhythmic exercises

# Beauty Enhanced

Beauty, the Gift of the Gods, should need no enhancing, but in these modern days of stress and hustle, much care is needed to ensure the retention of such Gifts as one may possess.

A visit to the Salons of Miss Nan Stuart, where amid the most delightful surroundings the ravages to the complexion caused by worry or late nights can be restored, will repay the time spent.

Experts only employed.

*Nan Stuart*

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*Mayfair 3839.* M.S.25

# WHY REMAIN GREY?

**How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.**

**FREE TREATISE.**

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

### THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

### The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

**"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:**

*"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it; its admirable effects upon the* general health and condition of the hair, *and so on; but it is in its* wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

**"SUNDAY TIMES" says:**

*"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise . . . I have personally* used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish." — HYGEIA (Editress *"Secrets of Health and Beauty").*

*Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 73), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

### IMPROVES HAIR HEALTH & BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull, or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

## BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 73), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

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a large spacious wing chair with spring-edge seat, only

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TO those interested in furnishing, "THE HOME BEAUTIFUL," a coloured illustrated Catalogue, will be sent post free. It gives full details of the advantageous terms on which purchases can be made over 1, 2, or 3 years.

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# *Shingle Attachments*

The Shingle Attachment for evening wear which so many smart women are adopting is a very graceful method of lending a natural softness to the shingle, enabling your hair to blend with the daintiness of evening dress.

The attachment illustrated is a most perfect example of its kind. It fits securely to the shortest hair by a cunning arrangement; has a natural waviness and the correctly tapered finish together with airiness and comfort, and weighs but a ¼oz. Any hair can be matched perfectly, and prices are from 12/6.

If you will kindly call at the Salons we will gladly demonstrate the pleasing effect on your own hair. If a call is not possible kindly send a wisp of hair together with particulars of the style required and we will take special interest in providing precisely the kind of attachment that will be in keeping.

*Phyllis Earle Salons*

32, DOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1.
*Telephone: Regent 7931.*

15, NORTH AUDLEY ST LONDON, W.1.
*Telephone: Mayfair 3798.*

### *The Hole-in-One Club*

Tom Webster, who delights mankind with his caricatures, delighted himself recently by holing out in one at the 17th hole of Coombe Hill golf course—147 yards. Mr. Webster, who is the 1,069th member of the Valet Hole-in-One Club, has not only received the customary gift of a superb "Valet" Autostrop Safety Razor Set, but has also been appointed caricaturist-in-chief to the club. The latest report is that "George" has taken up golf now he sees it is worth while.

### *An Interesting Record*

Lovers of music who had the opportunity of hearing Madame Maartje Offers, the famous Dutch contralto, on her recent appearances in London, will be interested to hear that an exceptionally fine gramophone record made by her has been issued. She has recorded the Bohemian Song and Card Song from "Carmen," and the record is being issued by the Gramophone Company.

MISS GRACIE FIELDS

**Who is appearing in the all-British programme at the Royal Variety Performance, which takes place at the London Colisæum on the evening of Thursday, March 1. The King and Queen will be present**

### *Beautiful Views*

*Nice-Marseille en Autocar P.L.M.* is the title of a most attractive album of views which has been prepared by the P.L.M. Railway Company of France. The views it includes were taken along the Mediterranean Coast route covered by the P.L.M. Autocar service between Nice and Marseilles, and give an excellent idea of the beauties of this route, and particularly of the lesser-known villages and towns. Readers who are contemplating a visit to this region may be glad to know that copies of the album may be obtained from the office of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway, 179, Piccadilly, W.1.

### *That Holiday Feeling*

Though somewhat early in the year the holiday question is beginning to loom up once again, and paterfamilias is faced with urgent inquiries of, "Where shall we go this year?" One of the best aids to the head of the family on this holiday subject is the Great Western Railway's famous publication, *Holiday Haunts*, which has now been in existence for twenty-three years. *Holiday Haunts* can be obtained at the price of 6d. at all G.W.R. offices, agencies and bookstalls, the trade booksellers, or it will be sent to any address by the Superintendent of the Line, G.W. Railway, Paddington, upon application accompanied by a remittance.

WHAT A "REVELATION"!

**Miss Emma Haig, who is playing in "The Girl Friend," photographed in her dressing room at the Palace Theatre. With her (as they say in the Law Courts) is the Revelation Dressing Case presented to her by Messrs. Herbert Clayton and Jack Waller on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Art Fowler**

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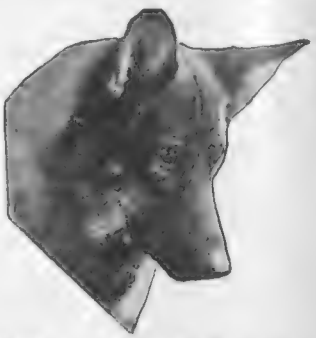

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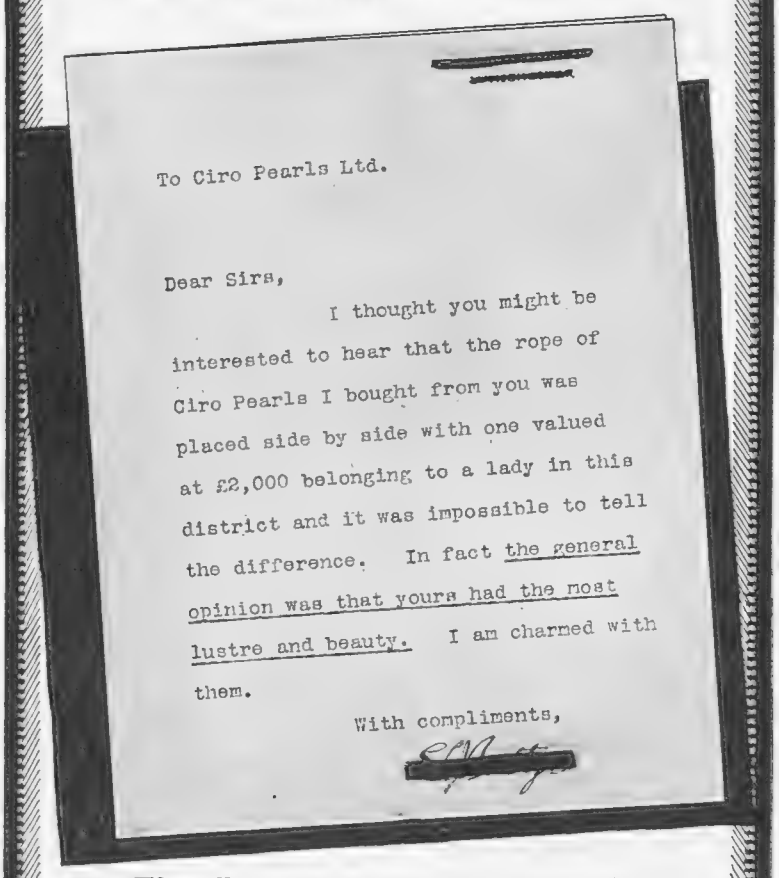

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# The MENU

## SOME MEATLESS DISHES

FISH SOUFFLÉ
SPAGHETTI À L'ITALIENNE.
CORN WITH POACHED EGGS.
TOMATO OMELETTE.

### *Fish Soufflé*

A QUARTER of a pound of uncooked filleted white fish will be sufficient. Wipe the fish and chop it finely. Melt ½ oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour, and stir together, then add half a gill of milk, and cook until thick. Pound this mixture with two eggs, and rub all through a sieve. Season well, add half a gill of cream, and pour the mixture into a buttered *soufflé* tin. The tin should have a fourfold band of paper, about three inches wide, tied round the outside of it, so that it is about two inches above the top. Steam till firm—about forty minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, coat it with a thick cheese sauce, and serve.

### *Spaghetti à l'Italienne*

Cook 3 oz. of spaghetti in boiling salted water for twenty minutes, drain it well and keep hot. Put 2 oz. of butter into a saucepan, stir into it a heaped tablespoonful and stir till well blended; add a large tablespoonful of hot milk and 3 oz. of grated cheese. Stir well and then put in the spaghetti. Mix well together, and put it into a small enamelled dish. Cover lightly with breadcrumbs, with pieces of butter on the top, and bake a golden brown. Tomato sauce can be substituted for milk, if preferred.

### *Corn with Poached Eggs*

Open a tin of corn, strain off the liquid, and then simmer the corn until tender in three tablespoonfuls of milk, ½ oz. of butter, pepper and salt. It will take about ten minutes, then spread it on a hot fireproof dish. Arrange as many poached eggs as are required neatly on it, and serve very hot.

### *Tomato Omelette*

Beat up in a basin four eggs, season with salt and pepper, mix ½ oz. of flour with a little milk, and mix with the eggs. Put this into a well-buttered fireproof dish. Bake in a fairly hot oven until the omelette is set and of a nice golden colour. Make an incision in the centre of the omelette and fill the cavity with a delicate tomato stew, which is made as follows: Peel three or four small ripe tomatoes (dip them into hot water for a few seconds), then cut them into quarters, and toss in a little butter over a quick fire. Season with salt and pepper, and use as directed. This omelette should be served in the dish in which it was baked.


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*Drain the Crankcase at Regular Intervals.*

The crankcase should be thoroughly drained of oil about every 2,000 miles. This should be done when the engine is warm, as the oil will drip more readily. See that all the old oil is drained away before the fresh supply is poured in.

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**Wash Leather,** soft finish. Fit and washing guaranteed. In nude, grey and beaver.

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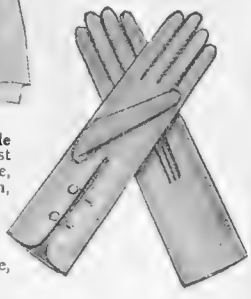

**Reliable Washable French Kid,** first choice in white, grey, brown, cream, beaver, and pastel.

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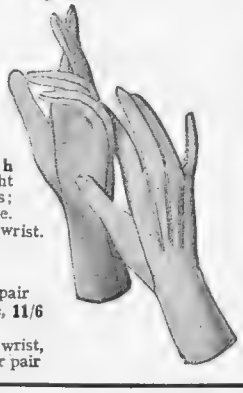
Also in sac shape, **11/9** per pair

**French Chevrette Washable Suède,** soft finish in light and medium colours.

**6/11** per pair



**Reynier Wash Suède,** in all light and medium shades; also black and white. Sac and elastic wrist.

**13/6** per pair

2-button, **9/6** per pair

2-button Chevrette, **11/6** per pair

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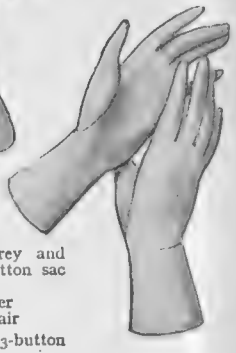

**Reynier Quality Washable Kid.** In pastel, fawn, grey and white. 4-button sac shape.

**14/6** per pair

2-button and 3-button length, **11/6** per pair

Another quality, 2-button, **8/3**; 4 sac, **11/9** per pair

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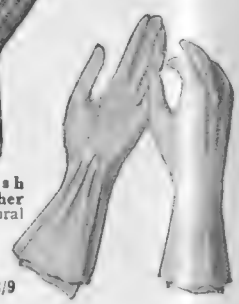
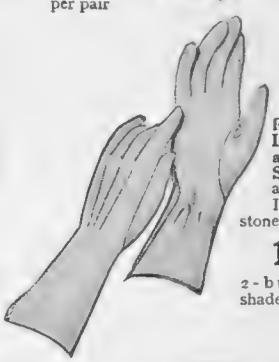


**Stout English Washable Leather** in cream and natural tones, hand-sewn (*as sketch*).

**8/11, 12/9** and **13/9** per pair



**Real Mocha Leather Washable Selected Skins,** sac shape and elastic wrist. In pastel, fawn, stone, putty.

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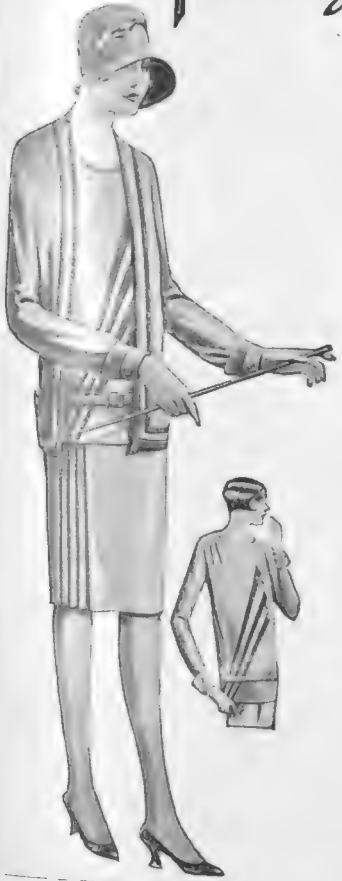

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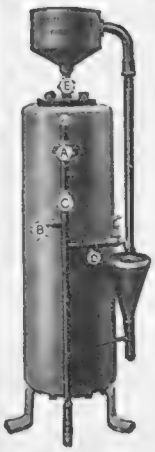

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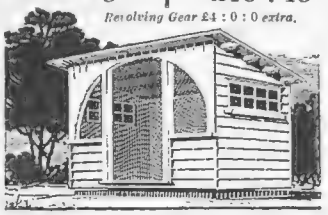

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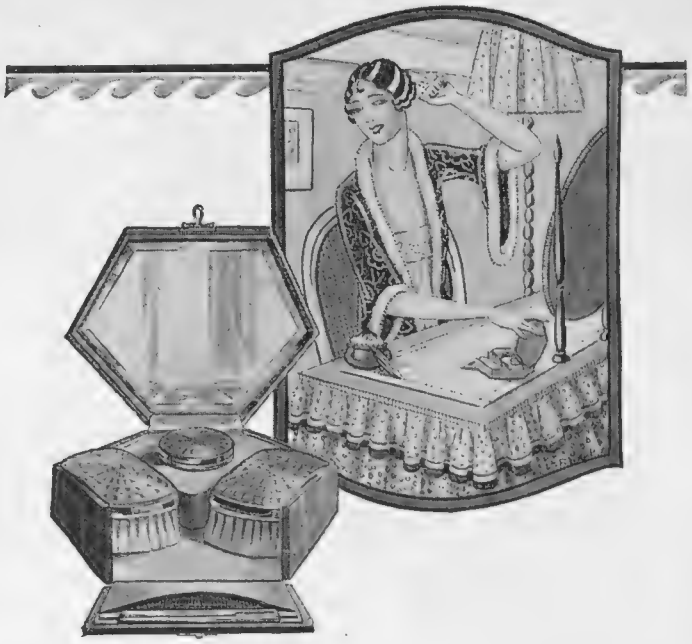

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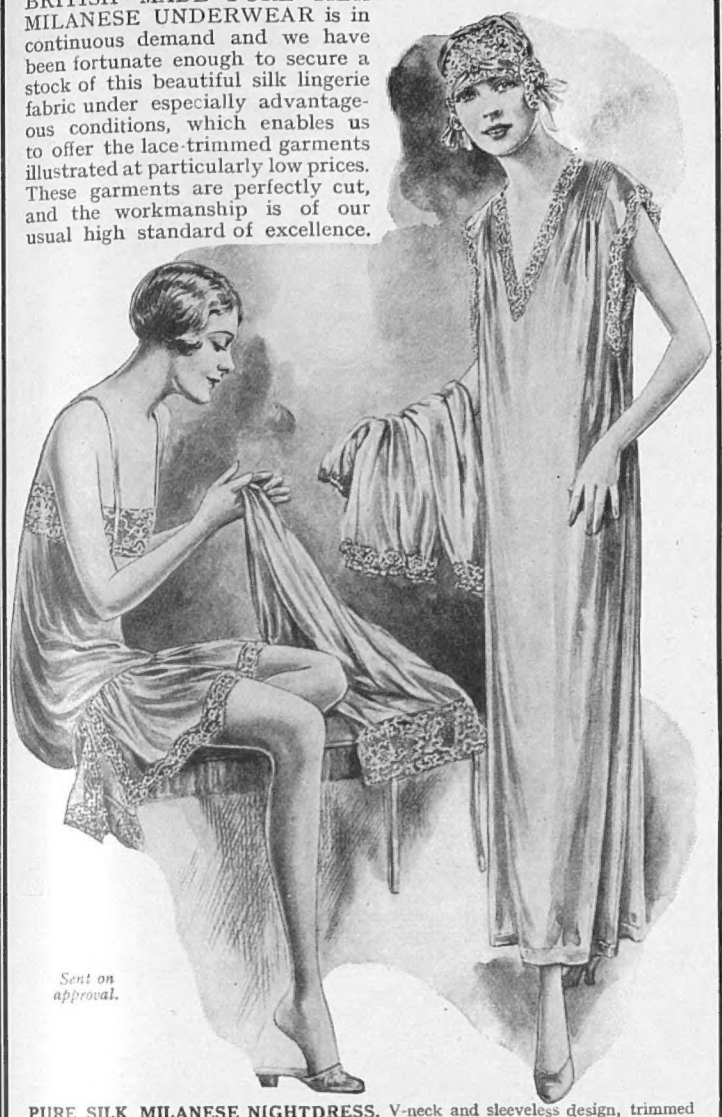

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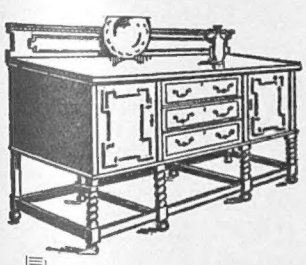

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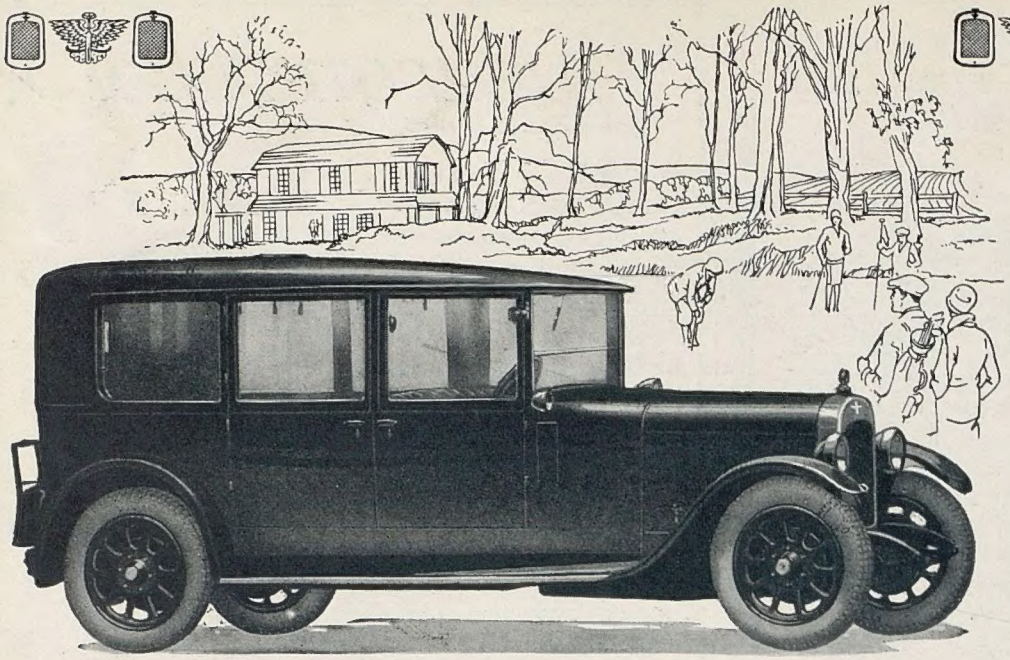

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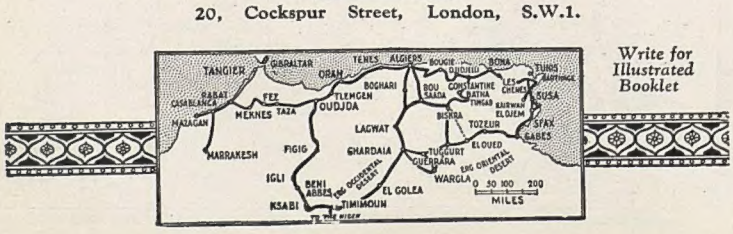


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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.